

# The Daily Mirror.

No. 24.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1903.

One Penny.



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### "DOUBLE HARNESS,"

which starts publica-  
tion exclusively in  
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## TUESDAY NEXT.

### "DOUBLE HARNESS"

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cussion that admirers of  
Mr. Anthony Hope's  
work should ask  
their newsmen to re-  
serve them a copy of  
NEXT TUESDAY'S

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7. Bookbinding Department. Catalogue describes a vast assortment of Standard and Current Literature.
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9. Glass, China, Lamps and Stoves. Dinner and Tea Services. Toilets and Bedroom Ware, Lamps, Stoves, etc.
10. Clocks. Every known style and make supplied on Easy Terms of Payment.
11. General Draperies, etc. Dress Goods, Hosiery, Shirts, Furs, Ladies' Outfittings, Babies' and Children's Clothing, etc.
12. Gold Jewellery and Diamonds. Engagement and Wedding Rings, Bracelets, Brooches, and all kinds of Gold Ornaments, fully illustrated and described.
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16. Musical Department. Pianos, Organs, and every known Musical Instrument supplied on Easy Payment Terms.
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GOLD MEDAL, DAIRY SHOW, LONDON, 1903.

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LIGHT SILKS FOR EVENING WEAR.—We are making the best show we have ever made in all classes of goods. Sale prices: 63d., 83d., 93d., 103d., 113d., 123d., 133d., 143d., 153d., 163d., 173d., 183d., 193d., 203d., 213d., 223d., 233d., 243d., 253d., 263d., 273d., 283d., 293d., 303d., 313d., 323d., 333d., 343d., 353d., 363d., 373d., 383d., 393d., 403d., 413d., 423d., 433d., 443d., 453d., 463d., 473d., 483d., 493d., 503d., 513d., 523d., 533d., 543d., 553d., 563d., 573d., 583d., 593d., 603d., 613d., 623d., 633d., 643d., 653d., 663d., 673d., 683d., 693d., 703d., 713d., 723d., 733d., 743d., 753d., 763d., 773d., 783d., 793d., 803d., 813d., 823d., 833d., 843d., 853d., 863d., 873d., 883d., 893d., 903d., 913d., 923d., 933d., 943d., 953d., 963d., 973d., 983d., 993d., 1003d. SILK CHIFFONS, double widths, in White, Cream, and Light Evening Colours, only 63d. LIGHT EVENING DRESS MATERIALS, double widths, 63d., 83d., 93d., 103d., 113d., 123d., 133d., 143d., 153d., 163d., 173d., 183d., 193d., 203d., 213d., 223d., 233d., 243d., 253d., 263d., 273d., 283d., 293d., 303d., 313d., 323d., 333d., 343d., 353d., 363d., 373d., 383d., 393d., 403d., 413d., 423d., 433d., 443d., 453d., 463d., 473d., 483d., 493d., 503d., 513d., 523d., 533d., 543d., 553d., 563d., 573d., 583d., 593d., 603d., 613d., 623d., 633d., 643d., 653d., 663d., 673d., 683d., 693d., 703d., 713d., 723d., 733d., 743d., 753d., 763d., 773d., 783d., 793d., 803d., 813d., 823d., 833d., 843d., 853d., 863d., 873d., 883d., 893d., 903d., 913d., 923d., 933d., 943d., 953d., 963d., 973d., 983d., 993d., 1003d. MUSLINS, etc. FOR EVENING WEAR, very cheap. LADIES' EVENING SKIRTS, OPERA CAPES, CLOAKS, etc. AT SPECIAL SALE PRICES. ACCORDION-PLEATED NUNS VEILING ROBES, 12/11, 14/6, and 16/11 the Robe. LADIES' JAPANESE SILK ROBES FOR EVENING WEAR, from 21/9 each. WHITE FOXGLOVE FUL NECKLETS. — Special sale prices: 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11, 8/11, 9/11, 10/11, 11/11, 12/11, 13/11, 14/11, 15/11, 16/11, 17/11, 18/11, 19/11, 20/11, 21/11, 22/11, 23/11, 24/11, 25/11, 26/11, 27/11, 28/11, 29/11, 30/11, 31/11, 32/11, 33/11, 34/11, 35/11, 36/11, 37/11, 38/11, 39/11, 40/11, 41/11, 42/11, 43/11, 44/11, 45/11, 46/11, 47/11, 48/11, 49/11, 50/11, 51/11, 52/11, 53/11, 54/11, 55/11, 56/11, 57/11, 58/11, 59/11, 60/11, 61/11, 62/11, 63/11, 64/11, 65/11, 66/11, 67/11, 68/11, 69/11, 70/11, 71/11, 72/11, 73/11, 74/11, 75/11, 76/11, 77/11, 78/11, 79/11, 80/11, 81/11, 82/11, 83/11, 84/11, 85/11, 86/11, 87/11, 88/11, 89/11, 90/11, 91/11, 92/11, 93/11, 94/11, 95/11, 96/11, 97/11, 98/11, 99/11, 100/11. LADIES' SHIRTS and BLOUSES.—A very large variety in prices ranging from 2/11 to 25 guineas. HANDSOME BLACK SILK LACE ROBES from 25/11 each. FEATHER STOLIES in a great variety from 7/11 to 35 guineas. Our circular giving full particulars sent post free. Our New Illustrated Fashion Lists forwarded post free. PATTERNS SUBMITTED POST FREE.

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Our special forecast for to-day is: Squally westerly winds and gales; occasional showers of rain or hail; bright intervals; colder.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.43.

## SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all very rough.

# The Daily Mirror.

Saturday, Nov. 28, 1903.

332nd Day of Year.

33 days to Dec. 31.

| 1903.       | Nov.   | Dec.     |
|-------------|--------|----------|
| Sun. ....   | 29 ... | 6 13 20  |
| Mon. ....   | 30 ... | 7 14 21  |
| Tues. ....  | 1 ...  | 8 15 22  |
| Wed. ....   | 2 ...  | 9 16 23  |
| Thurs. .... | 3 ...  | 10 17 24 |
| Fri. ....   | 4 ...  | 11 18 25 |
| Sat. ....   | 5 ...  | 12 19 26 |

## To-Day's News at a Glance.

## Social.

King Edward and the other guests of Lord Farquhar at Castle Rising, Norfolk, had a good day's duck shooting yesterday, despite the rain, which fell almost continuously during the greater part of the time. His Majesty remains at Castle Rising until to-morrow.

The King and Queen are going to Chatsworth House on January 4.

Princess Henry of Battenberg, accompanied by Princess Ena and the Duke of Cambridge, were present last night at the Lyric Theatre, and witnessed "The Duchess of Dantzic."

Last night's Gazette contains a number of appointments to the Royal Victorian Order made on the occasion of the visit of the King and Queen of Italy to Windsor.

Lord Ripon is making good progress, but his leg is still swollen and discoloured.

Mr. Swinburne, the poet, has been ill with double pneumonia, and is still in a serious condition.

## Home.

Sir Ralph Littler presided at a meeting held yesterday at the Middlesex Guildhall, Westminster, at which it was decided to establish an open-air sanatorium for incipient consumptive patients in Middlesex.

Lord Milner paid a visit to the Colonial Office yesterday for the purpose of bidding good-bye to the officials. He leaves Waterloo this afternoon at 2.10.

The Countess of Yarmouth, who has arrived at New York on the Cedric, is suffering from influenza.

The funeral of the Right Hon. C. Seale-Hayne, M.P., took place yesterday at Kensal Green.

Owing to illness Judge Bompas has had to postpone his sitting at Colne County Court.

The Mayor of Pontefract, Councillor Hopkinson, was found dead yesterday with a wound, supposed to be self-inflicted.

Mr. John Marham, ex-M.P. for West Herts, and a leading Nonconformist, in that county, died yesterday, aged seventy-seven.

Miss Eliza Wallis, the oldest inhabitant of the Isle of Wight, has died at the age of ninety-one years.

A pendant jewel, which was given by Queen Anne to Sir John Allardice, was sold at Christie's for £6,500.

The use of very bright lamps on motor-cars was condemned by a Hounslow coroner's jury yesterday.

The Houston Line inaugurated a passenger service from Plymouth to South Africa last night.

H.M.S. Shearwater, after searching part of the Pacific for the missing British ship Arctides, has returned to Acapulco reporting no sign of her.

## Political.

Yesterday's Cabinet lasted for two hours and a half, and a further sitting will take place this forenoon.

At the meeting of the Kent and Sussex Farmers' Conference at Tunbridge Wells last night a letter was read from Mr. Chamberlain saying how much he was encouraged by agricultural support of his fiscal policy.

Mr. Wyndham, Secretary for Ireland, addressing a meeting at Edinburgh last night, said the mass of the people had reason to be dissatisfied, but the Government policy provided, perhaps, a cure, and certainly a palliative, preferring brisk business with brothers to existing as islanders on sufferance of other countries.

Lord Tweedmouth, speaking at a Liberal meeting at Torquay yesterday, said that Mr. Chamberlain and the Government were like a body with two heads singing with two voices, but with breath from the same lungs.

Mr. Asquith, speaking at Truro last night, said, in regard to local interests, they had nothing to gain, but a great deal to lose by the adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals.

Sir Edward Clarke, at a Primrose meeting at Dover, Brighton, last night, said that Mr. Balfour's policy was exactly the doctrine laid down by Mr. Disraeli in 1851—that foreign goods should be charged a reasonable tariff of ten or fifteen per cent.

Mr. Bryce, M.P., spoke at Edinburgh last night on the Macedonian question, saying he had very little hope of the Austro-Russian reform scheme.

The East Anglian Division of the National Union of Conservatives, which met at St. Ives yesterday, incorporated in their main resolution an amendment supporting Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy.

## Colonial.

"Lord Kitchener is making excellent progress" was last night's report from Simla.

An unparalleled scene was created in the New South Wales Parliament yesterday through an amazing speech delivered by the Premier, Sir John See.—See page 4.

Sixty British and 2,800 native troops will form the escort for the British mission to Tibet. The forward movement will commence as soon as the necessary supplies have reached the base.

The King has appointed Mr. Walter Egerton High Commissioner for the Protectorate of Southern Nigeria.

## Foreign.

During the visit of President Roosevelt to New York, to attend the funeral of an uncle yesterday, he was guarded by a special force of 500 police.

Entertaining the Governor of the Gulf Ports to dinner at Lingah, on the Persian Gulf, Lord Curzon, in proposing the health of the Shah, said the ties between Persia and England were close, and could not fail to benefit either nation. The Governor replied in cordial terms.

The story of Princess Alice of Schoenburg-Waldenburg having eloped with her coachman is declared an absolute falsehood. The Princess has taken legal steps to prosecute the original author of the statement.

The International Socialist Bureau at Brussels has issued a manifesto, protesting against the lynching of negroes in the United States.

A despatch from San Domingo states that the foreign warships have withdrawn the guards they landed, except the United States marines at the British Consulate, where the ex-President, Wos y Gil, is a refugee.

An international conference of sailing ship owners will be held at Paris on December 10 to consider the depressed state of freights.

The Prince and Princess of the Asturias left Cannes for London yesterday.

M. Varilla has received a cable from the Junta at Panama, stating that the Panama Canal Treaty will be ratified as soon as it arrives; a messenger with the Treaty sailed from the United States on November 24.

According to a telegram from Berlin a metal worker named Herr Knobel has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for lèse majesté. He had written an article in the Anarchist paper comparing the acts of M. Lebaudy, the so-called Emperor of the Sahara, to those of the first German Emperor.

An explosion of benzine occurred on board a steamer lying in the port of Rotterdam yesterday. Two workmen were burnt to death, and four others were injured.

It is now suspected that the little Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, who died in Russia, was poisoned. Several arrests have been made.

Several earthquake shocks have been felt in Bulgaria, and the ancient monastery of Rilo has been damaged.

In an interview published in the "Berliner Tageblatt" the Countess Kwilecka is stated to have said that she suffered most in prison from not having a looking-glass.

The prolongation of the Russo-Japanese negotiations at Tokyo is due, says Reuter, to the inability of the two Powers to reach a settlement with regard to Korea. Terms have been tentatively settled in respect of Manchuria.

## Law and Police Courts.

A lad under fifteen years of age was before the Westminster magistrate yesterday for a series of audacious frauds on the London and South-Western Railway Company by personating a season-ticket holder. In consideration of his youth the magistrate imposed a fine of 22s., which was paid.

George Martin, an ex-police constable, was at Liverpool Assizes yesterday sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for burglary.

The Cardiff magistrates yesterday discharged Henry Hayes, who was brought up charged with inciting Peter Guichard, a French seaman, to murder Mr. Joseph Havelock Wilson.

Two of the men—Brown and Cowdrey—in the Aldershot murder trial have been found guilty and sentenced to death; the third, Dunbar, was discharged.

The Court-martial at Sheerness considered the charge of stranding and hazarding the gun-vessel Landrail was proved against Lieut. Commander Sparks, and adjudged him to be reprimanded.

## ARMY REFORM.

### Premier Promises a Satisfactory Solution.

### A FIGHTING SPEECH.

### Vigorous Attack on Lord Rosebery and Sir H. "C.-B."

The War Committee which has been appointed will, I hope, within a very few months... do much to put the organisation of the War Office on a footing as satisfactory to the public as the organisation of the Navy has long been.

Since the famous report of the War Office Organisation Committee, disclosing a most unsatisfactory state of the Army, the question, about which the public has felt so strongly, has been ignored in the speeches of the Government leaders. The silence was broken last night by the Prime Minister, who, in replying to the toast of the Government at the United Club's banquet at the Hotel Cecil, made use of the important promise given above.

Addressing himself to the subject of Army Reform, Mr. Balfour went on to say that people were apt to forget that there was not, and never had been, a military problem such as that which presented itself to the British Empire.

An English War Minister might be called upon to send an expedition into any continent of the Globe, to fight any enemy in any climate, from savages to an army of the most advanced type. His problem was far more indeterminate than that at the disposal of the great European Powers.

### When Doctors Disagree.

Thus, said Mr. Balfour, many solutions were sure to be proposed by persons of great authority, and the nation was swayed from side to side, the people forgetting that military authorities could not agree on a problem so complex. The unfortunate Minister who had taken the advice of one set of military advisers was blamed for what were called blunders by a succeeding set of advisers.

Thus, one of our great generals had said the sabre used by the cavalry was of a perfectly useless pattern. He (Mr. Balfour) was no judge of sabres, but the pattern was settled by soldiers themselves.

The view of the "man in the street" appeared to be that before the war there was culpable negligence, and during the war there was a complete breakdown.

Contesting this view, Mr. Balfour went on to say that Lord Rosebery's Government—the professors of "efficiency"—had deliberately starved the Army. The present "poor, ineffectual Government," on the other hand, had brought up the Reserve; armed the Volunteers with the magazine rifle; re-armed the regulars; modernised our fortresses; bought Salisbury Plain; perfected the scheme of mobilisation for two Army Corps for service abroad, which Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had abandoned; and increased the pay of the soldier.

Then the war came, and the "man in the street" was of opinion that the system had been tried and found wanting. He (Mr. Balfour) maintained that the Army, as it was framed by the Unionist Government and by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Wolseley, did all that those who had framed it proposed it would.

### Who Were Guilty?

We had performed a feat that no nation had ever attempted or carried out. The army in South Africa had been better supplied than any army ever known. Without the work that had been performed by the Government we should never have got through the war. The fact was the military task had been undertaken.

There was an impression abroad that the whole of the miscalculations were due to the fact that the War Office authorities had not taken advantage of the information given them by the Intelligence Department.

That he denied. The Government had never imposed their plans on the generals. The mistake was one of which the whole British military profession were alike guilty, if guilty was the word.

The Army, as left by Lord Rosebery, would have met with disasters inevitable if it had had to undergo the South African campaign. When he found Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry Fowler, and Lord Rosebery on the platform denouncing the military policy of the Government after what they did

and abstained from doing, he confessed that he felt his blood rise for very shame, they, of all people, should have maintained a discreet silence.

As to the future he said the new committee would be invaluable, because it would compel successive Prime Ministers to consider the military and naval questions as a whole. He did not believe the home defence required a large regular army. But abroad we had a large frontier which could be attacked by a great military power. The frontier was India and the power was Russia, and Lord Kitchener was in India, where he ought to be. (Cheers.)

Conscription had never been used to defend outlying possessions, and it could not be used. We must depend in the ultimate resort upon the free will of a free people to oppose the aggressor.

The forces of the Empire might be used to the best advantage, if we could only bring together into a harmonious whole all the separate Governments of the Empire, and if some common scheme of defence could be devised, not dependent upon the War Office alone, of drawing strength from India, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and all the self-governing colonies.

## DETERIORATION OF MOTHERS

### A Swiss Doctor's Researches and Conclusions.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Geneva, Friday.

Professor Bunge, of the University of Bale, who has been making researches for many years on the increasing incapacity of women to feed their infants, has just published an alarming report on the subject. He states that the mortality among children artificially nourished is far greater than among those nursed by the mother; also that once the power of feeding is lost it is never recovered. If the mother has not nourished her children the daughter is equally incapable.

Professor Bunge, in order to obtain the opinion of the leading medical men in Europe, issued a circular on the subject, and out of 3,000 questions received 1,629 satisfactory replies. After an examination of the opinion of the European doctors, Professor Bunge adds that he finds that in 1,629 cases only 519 women are capable of feeding their children, and 1,110 have entirely lost the faculty!

Studying the causes of the diminution of the ability to nurse among women, the professor adduces, as the principal, alcoholism, which habit, he adds, is increasing to a frightful degree among women.

### SHYNESS.

Next Friday evening two avowedly shy young ladies will read essays in which they approach the subject of bashfulness from two opposed points of the compass. One will argue that shyness is shyness; the other will point out that her pet failing is a form of—dare we breathe it?—conceit. The battlefield will be Mrs. Jopling Rowe's studio at Earl's Court.

Yesterday a preliminary canter was held over the same course, with Miss Elsa D'Este in the saddle.

"Shyness," said Miss D'Este, "is, despite the poets"—and here followed a pat quotation from Mr. Sheridan, whose "maiden of bashful fifteen" is the classic instance, if we omit the blushing Miranda—shyness, said Miss D'Este, "is the shape taken by conceit during the years when self and self-consciousness are at their zenith. With maturity come wisdom and humility."

### THRILLING AUTOMOBILE FEAT.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, Friday.

Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, a younger brother of the Duchess of Marlborough, driving against eight competitors, broke all previous automobile records yesterday on the one mile up-hill course at Eagle Rock, New Jersey. His time was 1 min. 36½ sec., or over a minute in advance of any previous attempt.

The road up the hill is very steep, and owing to the numerous curves, which make fast automobile climbing difficult, is highly dangerous.

### DIVORCES WHILE YOU WAIT.

The ease with which divorces may be obtained in New York, and the attitude of the local "Smart Set" towards marriage and marital responsibility, were typically illustrated, our New York Correspondent cables, by a case that occurred yesterday.

At fashionable Newport, Mrs. Arthur T. Kemp was married yesterday to Hollis H. Hunnewell, recently divorced.

Mrs. Kemp had learnt over the telephone that her own divorce from Mr. Kemp had been granted, and fifty minutes later she became Mrs. Hunnewell. The same judge who signed the decree nisi performed the wedding ceremony.

Mrs. Kemp had accused her husband of not providing his wife with the necessities of life,



## FEMININE FRANCE.

## M.P.'s Wives Find the "Ingenue" Beginning to Disappear.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Friday.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the success of the Parliamentary visit, or the warmth with which Frenchmen of all classes are receiving our compatriots. Even the speeches, cordial as they are, convey no notion of the friendliness shown everywhere, and with that grace of which Parisians have the secret. The closest friendship has sprung up between the ladies of the visiting party and their French hostesses.

"They are perfectly charming," said the wife of one of our M.P.'s this morning. "What impresses us most is the deep interest taken by every French woman we have met in our English methods of education and our mode of life. The questions asked of us are never-ending. French women seem keen on learning about our home lives, for purposes of imitation. Our daughters seem to interest them most of all, and most of us expect, when we return to Paris, to find a good many hints adopted. Perhaps next time we come we may find French girls with the freedom and independence in thought which characterise our own children."

"Even now," the lady went on, "I find French girls considerably improved. Not many years ago it was thought impossible for a French child of fifteen or sixteen to say anything beyond, 'Oui, Monsieur,' or 'Non, Monsieur,' when spoken to by anybody of the sterner sex except her father. But this repressive system has already disappeared, and I believe that in a few years' time the English schoolroom and outdoor education system will have made its way to France."

## "English Spoken Here."

"One thing is very noticeable. The French, and French society people more especially, know far more English than they used to. Our hosts, and more particularly our hostesses, often speak excellent English, and nearly everybody knows a little. In a few years' time, I believe it will be looked upon as a disgrace both here in Paris, and at home in London, to have no knowledge of any other language but our own."

The members, accompanied for the most part by their wives and daughters, attended a reception at the Paris Chamber of Commerce in the Place de la Bourse. They met (says Reuter) with a most cordial reception.

After being shown over the building, the visitors assembled in the Great Hall, where the President of the Chamber delivered an address, in which he said community and economic interest was the best guarantee of international concord.

Sir William Houldsworth, in his reply, expressed the hope that the visit would be advantageous to both countries, whose commercial interests were identical. "The better we know each other," he said, "the greater those interests will become."

After luncheon in the library the delegates proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville, to attend the reception by the Municipality.

The German Press devotes some attention to the visit. The "Lokalanzeiger" remarks that if Talleyrand had not explained to the world that words were only used to disguise the speakers' thoughts, people might be tempted to share in "this surfeit of true (sic) peace and enthusiasm."

## A PREMIER'S OUTBURST.

## Amazing Scene in the New South Wales Parliament.

The programme of festivities which, as usual, were to follow the adjournment of the New South Wales Parliament yesterday, entirely collapsed owing to an unparalleled and amazing outburst on the part of the Premier, Sir John See. In the midst of a graceful interchange of compliments between the opposite parties, Sir John suddenly became vehement in his speech, and accused the Opposition of trying to damage the credit of the country in connection with loans, and launched out into passionate vituperation. He was answered with cries of "It is not the time!" "It's cowardly," and such-like interjections. After this outburst the Premier again affected a softer tone, and spoke of his possible disappearance from public life because of the Opposition and their newspaper.

Finally, amid the consternation of all, he called upon the Almighty to witness to the purity of his motives, and, calling certain members "rats," he, with several ministers, left the House.

## LYCEUM A THEATRE NO LONGER.

Yesterday it was definitely decided that the old Lyceum Theatre will be a theatre no longer, but a music-hall. It was stated during the discussion at the meeting of shareholders at Winchester House that there were 300 actions pending against the company, brought by shareholders who were endeavouring to escape from their allotments in the old company.

## MISS MARY ANDERSON'S REAPPEARANCE.

Father Bernard Vaughan has drawn Miss Mary Anderson from her seclusion and has succeeded in enlisting her help to cheer the Christmas of the East London poor by singing to them. She will be accompanied by Miss Maude Valerie White.

## THE COUSINS.

## The Duke of Marlborough and Mr. Winston Churchill Side by Side.

It is not every day in the week that one can see the two cousins, the Duke of Marlborough and the cadet of the same noble house, who sits for Oldham, upon the same platform. But last night at the Whitefriars Club the protectionist lion sat down to dinner with the free food lamb, and both addressed a large and appreciative audience of literary men and others.

The Whitefriars Club is an ancient and respectable literary fraternity that dines together every Friday, and after dinner indulges in a debate. Mr. Winston Churchill, himself a litterateur of renown, presided yesterday evening, and introduced his cousin, the Duke, to the fraternity.

His Grace as befitting an Under-Secretary for the Colonies, was to open a debate on "A Citizen's Duty to the Empire."

Mr. Winston Churchill, in a peculiarly happy speech, prepared the way for his noble kinsman and friend. The two had marched together in South Africa, he said, from Bloemfontein to Pretoria, and though the Duke had not enjoyed the same authority in the field as their illustrious ancestor, still he had quitted him like a man. Mr. Churchill also spoke of his relative as the head of an enormous and flourishing concern whose headquarters were in Oxfordshire. The management of the Marlborough estates, he said, was a task no less responsible than the conduct of a vast business enterprise. And in addition the Duke had found time to serve his country as soldier and statesman.

## The Rajah's Riddle.

It was amusing to compare the cousins. In their appearance alone one gathers some inkling of the difference in their methods and in their training. Mr. Winston Churchill has the personality and courage of a popular member of the House of Commons. The Duke belongs to that other and more classic school which, indifferent to popular favour, pursues its vocation in the House of Lords.

As a speaker Mr. Churchill is naturally the more attractive. Epigrammatic and full of surprises, his words are laden with a native humour that must entertain even when it does not convince. Also he has the courage and ability to carry off the personal note without the jar of a conspicuous egotism. The Duke is far more academic. In appearance he is not unlike the junior partner in a large and influential banking concern. The change from his Cambridge days is very marked. Then he had the most passive and innocent face in the world. Now he has all the aplomb and tact of a man in a great position.

His chief contribution to the evening's gaiety was a story he had gathered in India. A rajah, whose guest he was, had asked him why Lord Curzon, the son and heir of Lord Scarsdale, should abandon the comforts and pleasures of a beautiful home to come and spend twelve hours a day working in an equatorial climate. It was one of those things no rajah could understand.

## THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE GUARDS.

## Mr. Roosevelt Protected at a New York Funeral.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" will soon have to be transformed into "Uneasy lies the head that wears a Presidential top-hat." For yesterday Reuter wired that President and Mrs. Roosevelt arrived at New York from Washington at 7.40 in the morning, and that the President was guarded by 500 policemen while attending the funeral of his uncle, Mr. James K. Gracie, a hundred members of the force accompanying him to the church.

As Mr. Roosevelt was leaving the church after the funeral service, a harmless crank, named Deming, attempted to hand him a letter, and was promptly arrested. The letter contained nothing more formidable than a request that the President would recommend the German Emperor to try the charcoal cure for cancer, in case he should be suffering from that malady.

While driving through the streets the President was accompanied by detectives, one of whom surveyed mankind from the box seat itself.

## COMBS FROM CHEESE.

Combs made from cheese are the latest novelty. Horn, which has so far been the material chiefly used, is becoming scarce from the fact that Americans are now breeding hornless cattle.

German scientists have now discovered how to make cheese, or rather milk curd, as hard as horn by the use of chemicals. The material, says the "St. James's Gazette," has been put to the severest tests, and admirably answers the purpose of combs. They can be made in white and black, but cannot be stained so well as horn to imitate tortoiseshell, the usual colour for ladies' head-combs.

"Onyx" is the name given to the new material, and when burned it gives off a smell like that of toasted cheese.

## MAN OF MANY PARTS.

## A Wife Who did not Know Her Own Husband.

A man convicted yesterday at Manchester Assizes, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude for bigamy, played a remarkably daring part for no apparent reason. He had passed under many aliases, and the trick which has led him to penal servitude was the personation of a man supposed to be dead and the artful deceit of the widow. He had apparently come from Australia, possessed of money, which enabled him, according to his own story, to lead a life of pleasure, pretending to be a medical man.

His undoing arose from the fact that two women claimed him as a husband—the widow whom he had led to regard him as her lost husband come back again, and the woman who had really married him, as the final exposé showed, many years before.

He was passing at this time as Dr. Herbert Part, but he was tried yesterday as Hubert Part, pretending to be a doctor.

The story of the deceived woman, Ellen Kershaw, was that in January 1890 she married Herbert Part, a doctor practising at Golborne. After a honeymoon of ten days they parted, the doctor taking a professional appointment on a steamer bound for Brazil. He returned to his wife, but went off again in August 1900, and she never saw him again.

But she received a letter from America, stating that he had died on the voyage, and had been buried at sea.

## A Skilful Impostor.

The next chapter was when the prisoner wrote a letter to Mrs. Ellen Part, which induced her to go to his lodgings, she believing him to be her lost husband. He posed in that character, and was able to recall so many incidents of Mrs. Ellen Part's married life and early years that she believed he was her husband.

But the delusion was short-lived. There came one day to see Mrs. Ellen Part another woman, named Mrs. Alice Part, of Prestwich, and she recognised the pretender at once as her husband.

So a few weeks ago he was taken into custody. With some of the skill of the Tichborne claimant he brazened it out. Confronted with a number of people who undoubtedly knew the doctor, who had been thought buried at sea, he pretended to know them, and while most of the witnesses scouted his pretension one woman declared he was the lost man, and greeted him with hand-shakings.

However, he was an impostor; and to the superintendent of police he confessed. His confession was peculiar. Sitting in the Bee Hotel, Liverpool, he said he overheard a gentleman talking to two companions, telling them of his voyage to sea, and the other details which prisoner afterwards appropriated to himself; and joining the company he learned that the speaker (so he alleged) was Dr. Herbert Part. Thenceforward he played the character of Dr. Herbert Part, with the results which came to a climax at Manchester Assizes.

## THE LIGHTS OF MOTOR-CARS.

## Their Excessive Brightness Condemned by a Coroner's Jury.

The unnecessary brightness of motor-car lamps, as a contributory cause to accidents, was considered by the coroner's jury at an inquest at Hounslow yesterday.

The inquiry had reference to the death of Mr. Seigmund Loewe, a director of Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, who died as the result of being thrown out of his motor-car last Sunday.

The car, which had three bright lamps in front, was returning from Maidenhead, when the driver perceived a girl running across the road. She, confused apparently by the very bright lights, hesitated, stopped, and eventually turned back to reach the safety of the footpath. To avoid her while she hesitated Mr. Loewe's driver swerved his car towards the pavement, and as it struck the kerb Mr. Loewe was thrown out, his skull being fractured. The girl was also knocked down.

Lieutenant Sutton, who witnessed the accident, gave a graphic description. He heard a hooting, a crash, and a woman's shriek. The car went partly through a wooden fence; the car had three lamps in front and one behind.

The jury, in returning a verdict of Accidental Death, exonerated the driver from all blame, and added that the power of the lamps used on many cars was in excess of what was necessary.

## A BALLOON DERBY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Friday.

The "Velo" is organising a Balloon Derby for April next. Three cups are offered for three separate forms of excellence—one for the greatest distance made in a balloon, the second for the length of time remained aloft, the third for the greatest height achieved.

All forms of aerostats are to be welcomed, the gas will be supplied free of charge by its organisers, and the small entrance-fee of four pounds will be reimbursed to every starter,

## SHORT FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

## THE TSARITSA'S ILLNESS.

The bulletin issued regarding the condition of the Tsaritsa yesterday said, "Her Majesty slept satisfactorily and is free from pain. The discharge of matter continues in a normal way. The patient's general condition is good."

## THE KAISER'S NEW DOCTOR.

The German Emperor has appointed Dr. Gustav Spiess, of Frankfurt-on-Main, to carry on the treatment of massage and physical exercise necessary after his recent operation. Dr. Spiess (says Reuter) has made a name as a writer on the subject of diseases of the throat and nose.

## "SPIRITS" HAUNT A HOUSE.

Musical spooks have taken possession of a house occupied by a lady in St. Petersburg. There are the usual manifestations of diabolical influences, namely, the ringing of bells, the tapping of the windows, the turning of the door handles, and the inevitable furniture dance. Crowds of people and police are looking out for the delinquents.

## RAILWAY WONDER OF THE WORLD.

An American railway which experts describe as "the railroad wonder of the century," was formally opened yesterday. It takes the form of a cut across the Great Salt Lake, in Utah. It saves 43½ miles of line, and 1,515ft. of vertical grade, and effects a great saving in expenses.

The Great Salt Lake has an area exceeding 2,000 square miles; it is 80 miles long and 32 miles broad, and among its numerous isles is one 18 miles long.

## HUNGERING FOR DECORATIONS.

According to a Prague newspaper, extensive frauds have been committed by a bogus "doctor" who, in private letters to likely individuals, offered to obtain for them from the Holy See the "Order of St. Peter" on payment of £5. There is no such Order, but the number of persons deceived by this transparent fraud is reported to be amazing. The "Order" sent from Rome by a confederate of the "doctor" consisted of an octagonal bit of tin with the inscription in Latin, "In honour of St. Peter."

## VESSEL FIVE MONTHS OVERDUE.

H.M.S. Terschiphore has left Port Louis, Mauritius, at full speed, says Reuter, for the islands of St. Paul and Amsterdam; in search of the crew and passengers of a vessel that has been missing for about five months, are believed to be on one of those islands. The missing vessel is said to be the French barque Brenn, which left Port Louis for Hobart on August 4. Lloyd's list states that the last report of the Brenn was her arrival at a South Australian port, while on her way to Antwerp.

## HUMBERT MARRIAGE SCHEMES.

Very little has been brought to light by the Parliamentary Committee appointed to examine documents relating to the famous Humbert case. The papers revealed nothing concerning the supposed complicity of certain politicians. The most interesting result, says Reuter, is the discovery of a plan for bringing about a marriage between a member of the Humbert family and M. Deschanel, the distinguished ex-President of the French Chamber. Papers were also found relating to the Bank of France, which is said to have lent money to the Humberts.

## A BOLD SUGGESTION.

The proposal made by Mr. James Gordon Bennett in the "New York Herald" for combined manoeuvres in the Caribbean Sea next January, between British and United States warships, is understood to be favoured by President Roosevelt.

Such a departure would certainly help to cement the friendship between the nations. "Between the American and the Englishman," says Mr. Bennett, "there is the bond of common origin, the bond of common language, the bond of common aspirations and modes of thought. Why not make an effort to create the bond of mutual respect for each other's powers?"

"When two great nations engage in a friendly and bloodless war there is little or no danger that they will engage in what Rudyard Kipling has termed 'The Real Thing.'"

## WET DAY AFFECTS 'CHANGE.

There was slackening of business on the Stock Exchange yesterday, and the tendency was not so good. A wet day keeps brokers away from their clients, so the former say, though the clients have been none too plentiful in any case. The best feature was the strength of Consols just before the Settlement. There is 12s. 6d. in dividend to be deducted this Settlement, and some think the stock will consequently look cheap. A notable feature of the last day or two has been more business and better prices for Colonial stocks, after the somewhat prolonged period of depression.

South African mining shares have been less buoyant. It was quite natural after the professional gamble. Yesterday the doves of the market were the shares of the great financial houses were selling shares rather freely which they had bought at a lower level. The real truth is that speculation in Africa is playing against skilful and unscrupulous adversaries playing with loaded dice. Other mining sections look very dark.

As for the other markets, the least said about them the better, except that Argentine Rials held their own very fairly well. Not even the contradiction in the market that the North-West was going to make a Preference issue within the next day or two helped Home Rials.



## L.C.C. AS CENSOR.

Refreshments in Theatres and the Employment of Barmmaids.

The sittings of the London County Council on music and dancing licences are no longer marked by the intensity of feeling that reigned some years ago. There were, however, points of general interest raised at yesterday's meeting.

The barmmaid who, like the Milk-White Hind, seems "oft doomed to death, but fated not to die," was the subject of some observations. Sir Algernon West, as representing the Theatres and Music Hall Committee, was called to account for his recent statement that the Committee would be glad to see a diminution in the number of young girls employed in drinking bars. Earl Russell was afraid this might be publicly misunderstood as the view of the entire Council, but Sir Algernon explained that he voiced only the Committee's opinion and recommendation, and he added it was not their intention to deal harshly with anyone.

The Council is continuing its watchful attitude with regard to construction and fire danger in places of entertainment. During next year, it was announced, the older music halls will all be surveyed to ensure that the proper standard of safety exists.

### A Pudding Competition.

Approval will be unanimous of the Council's hostility to stupid and disgusting exhibitions. It was mentioned that a Bethnal Green music hall had organised a great pudding competition, in which twelve men came on the stage to eat steaming puddings. Careful supervision will prevent a repetition of this primitive form of humour.

A decision which affects all the theatres of the metropolis was arrived at with regard to the King's Theatre at Hammersmith. The temperance party wanted to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors in that theatre, but Sir Algernon West warned the advocates of total abstinence that they were making their indiscreet proposal against a new theatre, one of the finest in London, in which the Council had approved the construction of buffets. Sir J. MacDougall, however, persisted, declaring that if the condition were not imposed in this case it would never be imposed on any theatre. The prohibitionists failed, their proposal being rejected by thirty-eight votes to thirty-two.

The music and dancing licence for Kissel's Restaurant in the Strand was refused, and an application to allow drinking in the Hippodrome was once more rejected.

## FIGHT ABOUT FASHIONS.

Some of the Mysteries of the Great Modistes.

Some light was thrown on the dark mysteries of "les Modes" by a case which came before Mr. Curtis Bennett at Marylebone yesterday. The well-known firm of Debenham and Co. were summoned under the Merchandise Marks Act for having in their possession a costume marked "Paquin, Rue de la Paix, Paris, London," which was not made by that dictator of Paris fashions.

According to Paquin's counsel, that firm has a practice of selling their models to provincial houses with the stipulation that costumes made up from them shall not be sold in Paris or London. For some time past imitations of their models had been sold in London, and it was by a strange accident that the present case was brought to their notice. Viola, Ltd., of Albemarle-street, had four costumes on approval from Messrs. Debenham, but finally told an assistant to return them. She, noticing the name of Paquin on one of the costumes, thought it belonged to that firm, and sent it to them. They at once made inquiries, and it ultimately appeared that Messrs. Debenham had bought it from a Mr. Rosenthal, of Berlin. Though the article bore the Paquin trademark the make was different.

Mr. Gill, K.C., who defended, said his clients bought four or five costumes, including the one in question, from Mr. Rosenthal for £125. They had acted in perfect good faith, and had no reason to doubt it was the genuine article. He suggested that the real reason of the prosecution was to advertise Paquin as ruling the fashions in Paris.

Evidence was given by representatives of Messrs. Debenham and Rosenthal, the latter saying he fully believed the costume to be a genuine Paquin model, but he had now discovered that it was only an imitation which had been sold to his firm as genuine. The case was adjourned.

## THE TREASURY'S DEATH HARVEST.

Up to the end of last week the yield of death duties had been nearly £900,000 less than in the corresponding period of last year, and much below the moderate estimate of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Several large estates, however, paid duty during the last few days. Mr. Charles Samuel's fortune of £327,934, and Colonel Wilkinson's, of £233,924, have already been mentioned. Sir Thomas Morell, shipowner, of Cardiff, has left £304,670, and Mr. George Trimmer, of Farnham United Breweries, £278,057.

The estate of Lieut.-Colonel Clifton Gascoigne, late of the Grenadier Guards, who served in the Crimean campaign, and died on September 27, aged 67, has been valued at £43,000.

## LORD CURZON'S TOUR.

Visits to an Old British Station in the Persian Gulf.

More interesting details of Lord Curzon's important voyage in the Persian Gulf are given this morning by Reuter.

After visiting the old Portuguese fort of Ormuz, the Viceroy arrived at Bassidore, at the north end of the Island of Kishm.

The British flag, says Reuter, still floats there, the site having been bestowed upon England in the early part of the last century, when it belonged to the Imam of Muscat. It was used for many years as the British naval base in the Persian Gulf.

The population consists mainly of fugitive slaves and their descendants, who have acquired their freedom by landing on this small spot of British soil. The ruins of some bungalows are still in existence, and the cemetery contains the graves of several officers and men of the old East Indian and Persian Gulf Squadron, and of at least one Englishwoman, the wife of a commander.

Leaving Bassidore the Viceroy visited Lingah, where he entertained at dinner the Governor of the Gulf Ports.

Proposing the health of the Shah, Lord Curzon again emphasised the close ties between Great Britain and Persia. The Governor, giving the health of King Edward, spoke in most cordial terms, declaring that the Viceroy's visit could not fail to strengthen the friendly relations between the two countries.

## WINE-LADEN SHIP LOST.

Bretons Slake Their Thirst from the Jettisoned Casks.

When the Vesper, full-charged with wine in 600-litre casks, went ashore on the Ouessant coast, the cargo was jettisoned, and ever since then the brave Bretons have been enjoying the time of their lives, and all at no cost. The casks have been coming ashore intact!

The beach-dwellers are a hospitable lot. As soon as someone has salvaged a barrel and installed it in his cottage a general invitation is sent out. The guests arrive with all sorts of receptacles—kettles, jugs, buckets, saucepans, and even—but the catalogue must remain incomplete.

There have been Bacchanalian orgies where leading and generally sober citizens have danced hand in hand around the emptied barrels. At one spot a cask was wedged immovably between rocks, so the thirsty fishermen knocked a hole in it and then took turns in preventing the contents from running to waste. When the Customs officers arrived the drinkers had become so hot-headed that they all wanted to drink at the same time.

At Plouguerneau the fisher folk tied a man to a tree because he intended informing the officials of the "arrival" of these barrels, and then went to slake their thirst; at the same place a damsel drank so well and so unwisely that she overbalanced, and in an endeavour to emulate the famous Duke of Clarence she tumbled head first into the butt of wine. She was rescued, half-drowned.

Wooden shoes, when cups were long in arriving, were used as beakers, each man filling his pair to the brim. Indeed, to stop this prolonged orgie it would be necessary to arrest every fisherman along many miles of coast.

## AN OCEAN RACE.

Two "Atlantic Greyhounds" start to-day from New York, and there is a good deal of betting on the result of their run. The St. Paul, of the American Line, leaves at 9.30 a.m., and the Lucania, of the Cunard Line, at 11 a.m.

The English boat carries a heavy mail from New Zealand, but the American liner carries the bulk of the American mails, as the Post Office authorities in New York maintain that the Southampton route gives a quicker service to London under the new schedule.

An exciting "race" is therefore expected in New York, despite the disavowals made by the companies, which are looked upon here as merely "technical."

## JEWEL OF GREAT PRICE.

Mr. Wertheimer Secures the Prize in a Keen Competition.

There has been considerable speculation in art circles lately as to the sum of money that would be realised by the sale of a remarkable jewel in pendant form made in gold and set with diamonds, probably of German workmanship of the last year of the sixteenth century, which was to be disposed of yesterday. Art dealers and connoisseurs attended the sale, which practically resulted in a duel between Mr. Charles Wertheimer and Mr. Charles Davis.

The jewel represents the barge of Cleopatra manned by two rowers. In the prow and stern are male and female musicians. Beneath a canopy in the centre are the figures of Antony and Cleopatra. The barge is decorated with applied gold strap work, and the whole jewel is enriched with polychrome, opaque and translucent enamels, and further set with table diamonds and pearls.

To ordinary observers there was nothing particularly wonderful in the appearance of this jewel, but to connoisseurs it meant a great deal, and, though it was supposed that £1,500 to £2,000 might purchase it, considerable competition carried the price much higher, and it was secured ultimately by Mr. Wertheimer for the enormous sum of £6,500.

The first bid was £500. After that it went up by fifties and hundreds, and finally by five hundreds.

## A COMEDY OF HANDCUFFS.

Astonishing Story of a Young Man's Misadventure.

The story told by a youth named William Walsh at Westminster Police-court yesterday belongs to the region of comic opera.

Walsh, who is a Chelsea blind-maker, stated that during a walk in St. James's Park he was suddenly and violently seized from behind, and then, being accused of burglary by a man who said he was a detective, he was hauled off, struggling and protesting, to Wellington Military Barracks, where his captor obtained from a sergeant-major, to whom he represented Walsh as a violent young prisoner, a set of military handcuffs.

For five hours the handcuffed youth declares he was paraded through the streets, stopping at several places, where his custodian called on people. One of these visits in to a Chelsea nursery, where Ward (for that is the captor's suggestive name) was formerly employed. He told his friends there that he had to take his man back to Dartmoor penal prison, and on this tale was given money by the foreman.

Further wanderings ensued, and not until midnight was Walsh liberated in a back street of Piccadilly.

Ward, on whom was found a list of the addresses of the relatives of thirty people who are now in prison, from which he himself is in custody, on a charge of wrongfully personating a detective officer and a prison-warder.

## HOW THE STREETS ARE BLOCKED.

The breaking up of streets by gas, water, and electric companies is an evil felt in every part of London.

Some illuminating facts on this point were given before the Street Traffic Commission yesterday by Mr. Robinson, of the Stepney Borough Council. He said in Whitechapel High-street alone eleven companies had the right to open the road, and last year the Stepney roads were opened no fewer than 7,619 times.

It was also pointed out that traffic to and from the docks is often blocked to such an extent that workpeople often lose a quarter or half-day's work by the delay. Widening of streets and the opening of new thoroughfares were recommended as measures of national importance, to which the Imperial Exchequer should contribute.

# To-Day's Arrangements.

### To-day's Weddings.

Lieut.-Colonel Frederick J. Brown, C.B., of Little Wratley, Essex, and Miss Dorothy Bowden, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Edmund Ellery Bowden, of Simpson, Bletchley, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, at 2.30.

Mr. Robert Peel, Coldstream Guards, son of the late Captain Francis Peel, and Miss Alice Maud Meyrick, second daughter of Sir Thomas Meyrick, of Apley Castle, Shropshire, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, at 2.30.

Mr. Charles Seymour, son of the late Vice-Admiral G. H. Seymour, C.B., and Mrs. Ralli, of Cadogan-place, Chelsea, S.W., at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, at 2.30.

### General.

Princess Henry of Battenberg unveils a memorial tablet to the Emperor and Empress Frederick at the New Hospital for Women, Euston-road, at 3.30.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attend in state and present shooting prizes to the 3rd City of London Rifles, at the Guildhall.

### Racing.

Final day of the flat racing season: Manchester November Handicap.

### Theatres.

"Apollo," "The Girl from Kay's," 2 and 8.

"Criterion," "Billy's Little Love Affair," 3 and 9.

"Daly's," "A Country Girl," 2 and 8.

"Drury Lane," "The Flood Tide," 2 and 8.

"Duke of York's," "Lettie," 2 and 8.

"Gaiety," "The Orchid," 2 and 8.

"Garrick," "The Golden Silence," 2.15 and 8.

"Haymarket," "Cousin Kate," 2.30 and 9.

"His Majesty's," "King Richard II.," 2.15 and 8.15.

"Imperial," "Monsieur Beaucaire," 2.30 and 8.30.

"Lyric," "The Duchess of Damir," 2 and 8.

"New Theatre," "Mrs. Goring's Necklace," 3 and 8.55.

"Prince of Wales's," "The School Girl," 2 and 8.

"Queen's (Small) Hall," "The Follies," 3.15.

"Royal Court," "The Tempest," 2.30 and 8.30.

Royalty, "Narcissus," 8.15.

"Shaftesbury," "In Dahomey," 2.15 and 8.15.

"St. James's," "The Carding," 2.30 and 8.30.

"Strand," "A Chinese Honeycomb," 2.15 and 8.

"Terry's," "My Lady Molly," 2.30 and 8.15.

"Vaudeville," "Quality Street," 2.30 and 8.30.

"Wyndham's," "Little Mary," 3 and 9.

\*Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

## SHORT HOME NEWS.

### FROM WEDDING PARTY TO DEATH.

Lewes Ralph, a Selby labourer, was one of a wedding party in that town. He left the house yesterday evening, intending to return, but as no more was seen of him, a search was made, and his dead body was found in the Aire and Calder Canal. It is believed that he missed the bridge and walked into the water.

### A POLICEMAN'S BURGLARIES.

At Liverpool Assizes yesterday George Martin, an ex-member of the Liverpool police force, was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for a series of burglaries in Sefton Park, Liverpool, during the time he was a constable. He entered the premises with a duplicate key while on his beat at night-time. The property stolen altogether amounted to £1,500.

### KILLED AT A HUNT.

An inquest held at Hatfield Broad Oak yesterday showed how Robert Goater, groom to Captain Calverley, of Down Hall, Harlow, was killed. He was following the Essex Hounds with a second horse for Mrs. Calverley, when the hounds passed in full cry after a fox and startled his horse. Goater was thrown, and, falling on his head, fractured the base of his skull.

### NO SHOUTING IN HER STREETS.

Kensington's Borough Council, in its determination to secure a quiet life for the ratepayers, has recently passed a by-law prohibiting shouting for trade purposes in the streets. William Russell, a coal hawker, was yesterday summoned for breaking this by-law. It was argued that the by-law was *ultra vires*, and that it would affect the sale of 80,000 tons of coal in London every week. The case was adjourned for arguments.

### BETROTHED IN A POLICE COURT.

The chief clerk at West Ham Police Court successfully arranged a marriage yesterday between a young woman and a young man who were arrayed against each other as plaintiff and defendant respectively. "Are you willing to marry him?" he asked the girl. "Yes," she responded readily. "And do you want to marry her?" he said, turning to the young man. "Yes," he replied with equal readiness, and promised to do so by Christmas. The "contracting parties" then left the court together.

### BRAZIL'S TRIBUTE AT THE ABBEY.

An interesting little ceremony was enacted yesterday morning at Westminster Abbey by Captain Graca of the Brazilian cruiser Benjamin Constant. This officer is on an official mission to King Edward. Yesterday, with his subordinate officers, he paid a visit to the Abbey, and after a brief prayer laid a beautiful wreath, tied with ribbons of the Brazilian national colours, on the tomb of Lord Cochrane. The occasion was rendered deeply impressive, for just at the close of the simple ceremony which was devoid of any show, the organ broke forth with the strains of the Brazilian National Anthem.

### MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT A WEDDING.

Resting for a while in his strenuous fiscal propaganda Mr. Chamberlain went as a wedding guest yesterday to an interesting marriage, which took place at the Church of the Messiah, Birmingham, yesterday. The Right Hon. gentleman was accompanied by Mrs. Chamberlain. The parties belong to two prominent families in the city, and the congregation, small and exclusive, included several of Birmingham's best known citizens. The bridegroom was Mr. H. K. Beale, elder son of Alderman C. G. Beale, a former Lord Mayor and member of the firm of Beale and Co., solicitors to the Midland Railway Co. The bride was Miss Mabel Kenrick, second daughter of Mr. J. Arthur Kenrick.

### MANCHESTER RACES.

Huge fields were the rule at Manchester yesterday, no less than 102 horses being weighed out for the seven events on the card. Lane did well, as out of five mounts two proved successful, his remaining efforts in the saddle resulting in his being placed second on one occasion, third on another, and once unplaced. Otto Madden, who was also seen in the saddle five times during the afternoon, failed to gain a winning bracket, and the present number of wins obtained so far this season by each horseman is thus: Madden, 183; Lane, 149.

Lane, after racing concluded, returned to London in order to attend the funeral of the late Sir J. Blundell Maple, so that he will not be seen in the saddle to-day.

Results of the racing—

| Race                           | Winner.    | Rider.   | Price |
|--------------------------------|------------|----------|-------|
| Ellersmere H.P. (18) Claverley | Hardy      | 10 to 1  |       |
| Friday Plate (15)              | Candelaria | 2 to 1   |       |
| Lastst. lw. H. (10) Rose       | Lane       | 2 to 1   |       |
| Eglington Nur. (25) Laveuse    | McIntyre   | 100 to 8 |       |
| Ordsall Nur. (17) Cortona      | Randall    | 4 to 1   |       |
| Brown St. H.P. (11) Browne     | Griggs     | 6 to 1   |       |
| Pendleton Pl. (6) Series       | Cannon     | 3 to 1   |       |

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

To-day the November Handicap, the last great race of the flat season, is set for decision, and St. Moritz or Threaball may win it, and Gold Lock and Torrent get places. Other chances are Worcester, Lady Liberty, colt or Mystic Shield; Final Plate—Littleton or Belliver Tor. Latest betting on the Handicap saw Lord Rossmore, who has been the favourite for some time to 100 to 100, backed, whilst to Torrent items of 1,000 to 100, 1,000 to 100, 500 to 100, and 500 to 100 were noted. Lord's Estate, Mr. Morris, and Gold Lock ruled quiet, but Windfield's Charm had friends to win six thousand pounds at 100 to 6 and 100 to 7. There were few bets for the Handicap at 100 to 7, but St. Evremont, from 1,000 to 30, came to half that price, bets of 1,000 to 40, 1,000 to 50, and 1,000 to 60 being backed, whereas Caro, his stable companion, retired to 20 to 1 (offered).

### ENGLISH CRICKETERS IN AUSTRALIA.

The M.C.C. team began a match against Queensland at Brisbane yesterday, and when stumps were drawn for the day the scores were—Queensland, 242; M.C.C., 21 for one wicket. Included in the Colonial eleven is an aboriginal, Henry, who, in addition to his own batting, tremendous raw, endeavours to still further disconcert the batsmen by indulging in strange preliminary antics.



## ENGLAND'S SHAME.

### THE CRIME AGAINST THE CHILDREN.

I.—IN THE EAST END.

By ROBERT H. SHERARD.  
Author of "The White Slaves of England."

"Trailing clouds of glory, they come  
From Heaven, which is their home."

THERE are many English women, it is pitiful to have to say it, who ought not to have children at all, yet by a curious physical coincidence it is in England that one finds the largest families.

From indifference, from lack of proper education, and, I fear, also from inherited slovenliness on the part of their mothers, thousands of the little wretches whose advent into the world the Registrar-General so cheerfully records, "go back," after some lingering months or years of want and suffering, to that imperial city whence they came.

"Thank God, they have gone back," is what many an English mother has told me when I have asked her what has become of her family.

And, indeed, when one knows the conditions under which so many of our little ones in England live, one is inclined to echo the words in which these ragged Rachels mourn their offspring.

#### London's Infamous Lead.

During the last two months I have again been treading paths familiar to me, but to many as unknown as the subterranean burrowings of certain animals. I have been in London, into the swarming warrens of English child-life, listening to the tale of the children, seeing their lives, counting their sores and their stripes.

I can already now say this: that when the Parliamentary Commission recently appointed to inquire into the physical condition of English children comes to publish its report, England will blush in the face of the world.

It is very certain this report will exceed in horror that which was published a year ago by a similar Commission which sat in Scotland. In regard to feeding their children, and in the matter of cleanliness, Scotch women are greatly in advance of English women.

I have been into some of the filthiest kennels in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, but I never yet came across either—

(1) Children from whose heads, when I removed the covering shawls, a cloud of steam arose—vapours of the fermentation of the sores and vermin.

Or (2) women feeding babies at the breast, babies of three weeks old on bits of bread or cold potatoes, or the scrapings of tins of potted meat.

In London I have met with many such cases. In all our big cities the verminous condition of the children of the poor is the rule and not the exception. I have had hundreds of little boys and girls sitting on my knees during the last two months in various parts of the country. If I did not stroke the riot of their tangled hair, it was because I could see the nature of the clouds they trailed when their head coverings were removed. These were no clouds of glory; it was the vapour of fermentation to which I have referred.

#### Why Children Starve.

There are thousands of our poor children in London starving, not on account of the poverty of the parents, but by reason of the ignorance and sloth of the mothers. They know nothing of cookery, they wish to know nothing. They do not care for the trouble. In every London slum you will find a fried-fish shop, or a cooked meat shop, or a grocer who sells cheese and pickles and potted things. It is much easier and "less worrit-like" to send the children out with coppers for a pennorth of fish and chips, or a bit of cheese and pickles, than to cook anything for them.

As to the mother herself, she has usually had her refreshment before the children come back from school. Six out of every ten workmen's wives in the East-end of London take their petit déjeuner and déjeuner à la fourchette combined towards eleven o'clock. The menu seldom varies. "I can fancy a bottle of stout and a bit of bread and cheese" is what one hears them say.

It is not poverty that is the cause of this, nor, save in a few cases, is it parental greed. This is shown by the money made out of child customers by the sweet-stuff shops which abound in all populous districts.

A sweet shop was pointed out to me in a London slum where the late proprietor used to take £18 a week in farthings, halfpence, and pence from the ill-fed children of the district. When he died, his fortune, which had been entirely made out of his shop, represented an income of £150 a year.

#### And Why It Matters.

This question of the feeding of the children was considered of such importance by the Royal Commission which sat in Scotland that in their report the following special recommendation was made on the subject—

It should be one of the duties of School Boards and school managers generally to inquire into cases of apparently insufficient feeding; they should also provide facilities for the provision of suitable food by volun-

tary agencies, without cost to public funds, and should co-operate with these agencies in the organisation of this work.

Should this prove inadequate, we think that powers should be given to provide a meal, and to demand from the parents a payment to meet the cost price.

Elsewhere the Commissioners remark:—

We consider that the question of the proper and sufficient feeding of children is one which has the closest possible connection with any scheme which may be adopted for their physical and equally for their mental welfare.

#### The Dirty Water Diet.

I have described what is the mid-day meal of the elder children. I ought to have added that this "dinner" is, in fact, the only meal in the day.

As to breakfast, and what the English call "tea," the children depend on the hazard of the cupboard. In thousands of London homes milk is something that comes out of a tin. The cow is a mythical monster, whose name is familiar only to the children by remarks addressed to the women. In the East End I have seen babies sucking dirty water instead of milk out of dirtier bottles.

And we are to remember that from all these ill-fed and degenerate children a continuous daily effort is exacted by their parents. For to the children who are not snatched back by their guardian angels the parents look for present profit and a possible independence to come.

In many parts of the East End you may hear a workman say: "My woman has done very well for me. She has given me six kiddies."

And adds: "So I don't think I shall die in the grubber."

The grubber is the workhouse. The conditions under which the poor little creatures work and the other incidents of their deplorable lives we shall presently examine.

To be continued.

## NOT REALLY ANTIQUE.

### BUT CLEVER IMITATIONS AND CHARMING ORNAMENTS.

MUCH has been heard lately of forgeries and imitations of all manner of objects of art with which the market is being flooded. It has, indeed, become risky for any but the thorough expert to make a purchase of this kind, unless a guarantee is given by the dealer as to the genuineness of the object.

At the same time, the craze for collecting antiquities is ever on the increase, so that an immense field is open to the unscrupulous forger.

In many cases the producer of sham antiquities is free from blame; he frankly proclaims his wares to be copies. Unfortunately, dealers are not always equally scrupulous in their methods, passing many a "spurio" off as a curio on their unwary customers.

At the present moment a vast number of very perfect copies of sixteenth century gems and jewels are being imported into England by a German wholesale jeweller, who had the designs prepared from the finest examples of Italian and German cinquecento pieces of goldsmith work at the British Museum, the Wallace Collection, and the Dresden and Vienna Galleries.

So perfect are the copies, for which real gold, pearls, and precious stones have been used, and so excellent is the enamelling that even the eye of the experienced connoisseur

### "JOSEPH ENTANGLED."

THIS is not about the fiscal question. It has no reference to Mr. Chamberlain. It is the title of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, which is to follow "Cousin Kate" at the Haymarket, whenever a change is necessary, which is not likely to be just yet.

Mr. Jones is fond of piquing public curiosity beforehand in this way. He set the fashion of such titles as "The Case of Rebellious Susan," or "Michael and his Lost Angel." "Joseph Entangled" is sure to set people wondering what it means.

#### Another "Alice" Play.

Here is another puzzle. Who is "Y. Knott"? An adapter who masquerades under this cloak has been found to prepare "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" for the stage. The piece will be seen at the New Theatre on December 21.

There was some "Looking-glass" material in the adaptations we have had of "Alice in Wonderland." Now we shall have more about the Red Queen and the White Knight and the unfortunate baby who

Only does it to annoy  
Because he knows it teases.

And let us hope we shall have a good deal of the Cheshire Cat.

#### Scarcity of Principal Boys.

Miss Louise Willis, the American actress, who is to be principal boy in the Drury Lane pantomime, has never appeared on an English stage.

Mr. Collins has to go far afield for his principal boys. Last year he had Miss Maude Beatty, a New Zealand actress, and three or four years earlier Miss Nellie Stewart, an Australian, filled that position.

Since burlesques gave way to musical comedies, and musical artists have almost ceased to make a practice of appearing in tights, the school from which pantomime "principal boys" were drawn is each year becoming gratefully less.

he supplies the trade with what he himself declares to be copies of famous originals.

These delightful trinkets, some of which we reproduce on this page, will soon be seen in the windows of Bond-street jewellers.

The danger does not arise here, where they will be sold for what they are, and at prices which preclude the possibility of their being considered genuine antiques. But the public should be warned against unscrupulous secondhand dealers in the suburbs, by whom, more likely than not, attempts will be made to pass them off as antique gems at prices far above their actual value.

The originals of these gems belonged to a period when the intrinsic value of the stones and other materials counted for little, whilst beauty of design and workmanship were the first consideration.

To-day precious stones are frequently worn simply because they are costly possessions, the setting being in many cases entirely unworthy of



Lion Pendant.

the lovely material.

The sixteenth-century jeweller strove after certain effects of colour, and did not mind using silver, mother-of-pearl, crystals, and stones of minor value, together with costly diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. The value of his productions was quite independent of the price of the material, and was ruled by the artistic merit of the work.

One of the most charming devices is the use of mother-of-pearl for the hull and canvas of miniature sailing boats.

The chains are in most cases rows of alternating pearls and emeralds; the lions, dragons, and other beasts made of rich enamel.

Every piece is a desirable possession, so long as the purchaser knows he is not buying a genuine antique.

#### A BOLD PROPOSAL.

A report comes from Belfast which, if true, opens up a most interesting political vista. The Government, according to this statement, will not introduce the Roman Catholic University Bill, which current rumour associates with their policy, until 1905, and the Lord-Lieutenant will meanwhile visit and address the people in various parts of Ireland with a view to reconciling Protestants to the establishment of such a university.

## IDEAL DIETS.

No. IV.—Words of Warning to People who Hurry over their Meals.

By A DOCTOR.

WHAT on earth can one say to people who say they are "too busy to eat" and "have no time for meals"?

One can only say, give him a fair and serious warning in the gravest possible terms. He may fancy himself to be an exceptional person, and may flatter himself that he sees no bad effects—as yet—but will be sure to pay dearly for his hurry in the long run. And it is not worth while.

First, let us consider the man or woman who has a fair enough allowance of time for the actual eating, but who has to start work again immediately the last mouthful has left the mouth—not even waiting six seconds for it to reach its first resting-place.

There is little question as to the ideal in this matter. You want an occupation after a meal which will keep the heart sufficiently active, but will not send too much blood away from the digestive system to the brain, or to the muscles. Now this occupation has already been adopted by the unconscious good sense of mankind.

It is, in the words of an authority on digestion, "frivolous conversation," which exactly fills the requirements, and into which most of us therefore automatically fall after a square meal—notably after dinner.

Personally, I am by no means sure that it is really necessary for an average healthy person in the prime of life to rest for half an hour after a meal. On the other hand, I question whether the old adage, "After supper walk a mile," is not an extreme in the opposite direction.

There are wide limits of safety in this matter, varying with the individual, but I have stated the ideal—frivolous conversation—and the physiological reasons for it.

#### Too Busy to Bite.

But hurry over the actual eating is a different matter, and if hurry you must, pray take one piece of really important advice.

The essential objection to hurry in eating is that it means imperfect mastication. The race is rapidly losing its teeth, but, if you have little time to eat, jealously preserve yours. If you cannot preserve them, get the dentist to supply any deficiency that delays mastication, and remember that you have no teeth anywhere but in your mouth. If the food escapes them, their work falls upon organs which cannot perform it.

The stomach is lined with three muscular coats, running each in a different direction. One of its duties is to roll its contents ceaselessly backwards and forwards, so that their entire surface may be exposed to the action of the digestive juices. But if you bolt your food as if you were posting letters, the stomach has no chance.

It cannot divide a solid chunk of food, but can merely roll it over and over, constantly attacking its exterior. This applies to all solid foods.

Too busy to bite means, in the long run, too busy to live. In this connection one may recall the celebrated instance of Mr. Gladstone and his forty bites to each mouthful. If you have thirty-two teeth, real or artificial, you need not bite nearly so many times. The essential thing is merely that you should swallow your food in a state of "mush."

I quote from an authoritative writer these words—which might well have been couched more strongly—

Many a case of dyspepsia is kept up, if not actually produced, by imperfections of the teeth, or by imperfect use of them.

#### The First Digestive Stage.

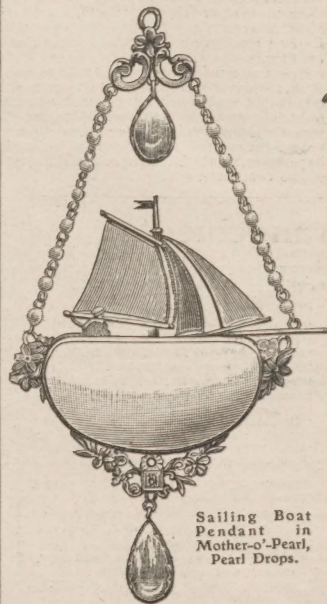
The mouth stage of digestion is essentially protective. By reducing the food to a pulp, breaking up hard particles, by diluting irritating constituents, by neutralising acid constituents with the alkaline saliva, and by surrounding the whole with a wrapping of mucus we effectually guard the stomach against many ills.

Furthermore, the saliva, a proper flow of which is produced by the act of chewing, contains a chemical ferment, which is swallowed, and by its action on starches constitutes the first stage of gastric digestion, lasting about twenty minutes.

For this reason porous foods, into which the saliva can readily penetrate, are better digested than compact masses like new bread or buttered toast, of which everyone knows the indigestibility.

I have devoted almost an entire article to the mouth stage of digestion, because it is the only one over which we all have complete control; because it is certainly more important than any other one stage; and because those who are too busy to eat should know that they will do better by eating less and chewing it than by eating more and bolting it. We live not on what we eat, but on what we absorb, and in this instance you will absorb more by eating less.

Some happy day, when we have a system of national education that is not the despair of all thinking people, our children will learn in their youth that imperfect mastication means imperfect digestion, and that imperfect digestion means a life of misery and torment whatever your condition or circumstances may be.



Sailing Boat Pendant in Mother-of-Pearl, Pearl Drops.

may well be deceived. The German's business is, of course, quite honest and legitimate, as



## A WET DAY IN TOWN.

45 & 46, New Bond Street.  
Friday Evening.

Almost at the end of November, and after an enjoyable period of fine weather, we are again gloomily contemplating dripping grey skies and muddy streets, while only after dusk did things cheer up when the brilliantly lit shop windows produced an evanescent appearance of cheeriness.

There was no doubt about it, people did not mean to stir out of doors on such a day, and the only places where there was anyone to be seen was at the skating rinks, Lady Helen Vincent and Mrs. George Cornwallis West being the most admired at Hengler's, while a few people put in an appearance at the bazaar at the Great Central Hotel, which has been very successful.

### Arrivals and Departures.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were on their way to King's Cross, where they left for Rufford Abbey to spend the week-end with Lord and Lady Savile, and Princess Henry of Battenberg arrived in town from the Isle of Wight about five o'clock.

Lord and Lady Iveagh are back in Grosvenor-place from Theford.

Lord Amherst of Hackney has gone to Didlington Hall for some shooting, and Lord and Lady Harrowby have returned to Sandon Hall.

### At Willis's Rooms.

There were a great many lunching-to-day at Willis's Rooms, and among them a number of well-known men, including Lord Essex, Prince Francis of Teck, Count Mensdorff, and Mr. Ralph Sneyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Drexel were at one table, the latter dressed in black; Mrs. Jack Cumming, looking very nice all in brown, was with her husband; and Mrs. Hall Walker wore a mauve toque with a dark blue dress.

### A Royal Party.

The Queen's birthday party will assemble on Monday at Sandringham, and will include the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Rosebery, Lord and Lady de Grey, and M. de Soveral.

On Tuesday there will be a large dinner party at Sandringham to celebrate her Majesty's birthday.

### Pictures and a Concert.

The Duke of Cambridge and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz were present at the Artillery Band concert which took place this afternoon at the Queen's Hall. Cavaliere Zaverl conducted, and a novel feature of the programme were two solos, clarinet and cello.

A number of pictures were sold at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours to-day, and there was a very big attendance both in the morning and afternoon. Mrs. Dighton Probyn was looking charming in grey corduroy, with some beautiful pearls round her throat, and Mrs. Allingham, dressed in brown face-cloth, found a number of friends. Lady Lockyer was looking at Miss Martineau's work, and there were a number of other people to be seen.

### To-Night's Doings.

Princess Henry of Battenberg, who is staying at the Grosvenor Hotel, went to-night to see "The Duchess of Dantzic" at the Lyric Theatre.

The Brazilian Minister presided at the dinner given this evening at the Carlton Hotel to the captain and officers of the warship "Benjamin Constant." There were several other parties also taking place in the restaurant, among those present being M. von André and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Meyer.

## SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The King and Queen go to Chatsworth on the fourth of January to stay for a few days with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. Among the house party invited to meet their Majesties are Lord and Lady Gosford, Lord and Lady Howe, Lord Stanley and Lady Alice Stanley, Lady de Grey, Major Gordon and Lady Sarah Wilson, Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, Mr. Humphrey and Lady Leo Sturt, Mr. and Mrs. George Keppel, Mr. and Mrs. William James, Miss Muriel Wilson, Lord Charles Montagu, M. de Soveral, and Count Albert Mensdorff.

This is the first visit the King and Queen have paid to Chatsworth since their accession to the Throne, as last year they were prevented at the last moment owing to the indisposition of the King. As usual, there will be a theatrical performance one evening of the Royal visit, which will probably take the form of a pantomime.

There will be very little shooting at Chatsworth till the beginning of next month, as the best coverts will be kept for his Majesty's visit.

Queen Alexandra, when at Sandringham, visits several people in the neighbourhood whose names are not often mentioned. Her Majesty frequently calls and has afternoon tea with Mrs. Frank Beck, whose husband is the estate agent at Sandringham. Lady Manby is another of her personal friends, Sir Alan

Reeve Manby being the medical attendant to the Royal Household. The Rev. John Groom is one of the Queen's favourite preachers, and her Majesty seldom goes to Sandringham without visiting the Ashwick Rectory.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, has given her patronage to, and consented to hold a stall at, an exhibition and sale of work, to be held, by kind permission of Mrs. Hoffung-Goldschmidt, at 35, Chesham-place, on Thursday and Friday of next week.

Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, who is very clever in the art of enamelling, has just finished a wonderful green and blue peacock and a pendant in the form of a dove, which have been much admired.

The Dowager Lady Crawford and her daughters, Lady Mabel and Lady Jane Lindsay, who have just arrived at their Villa Palmieri in Florence, will remain there until the end of March. The southern home of the Crawford family is one of the most beautiful places in the "city of flowers," and commands an ideal view, which was greatly admired by the late Queen Victoria when she resided there.

Lady Charles Beresford is to be back from Spain next week, and will then settle into her pretty house at Coombe, which at one time belonged to the late Lord and Lady Revelstoke.

The Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos with Lord Egerton intends to spend the spring in Rome. They start for the Continent the first week in January.

At Haldon House, the beautiful Devonshire seat of the Palk family, Mr. James Bannatyne, the present owner, has been entertaining this week a shooting-party, among his guests being Mr. and Mrs. Gertrude Rolle, Sir Charles and Lady Euan-Smith, and Sir John and Lady Heathcoat-Amory.

Amongst the numerous shooting parties in Ireland just now (where, by the way, pheasant shooting begins about three weeks later than in England) there has been one at Granston Manor, Lord and Lady Castletown's seat, the house-party including Lord and Lady Ormonde, and Lady Constance Butler, Lord and Lady Bandon, and Sir Charles and Lady Barrington.

Granston Manor is celebrated for its wonderfully good wild-duck shooting. The only other place which can bear comparison with it in this respect is Lord Ilchester's Dorsetshire seat, Abbotsbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Guest, who have been staying at Wimborne House this week, have taken a hunting lodge in Northamptonshire, near Holdenby, as they intend to hunt this season with the Pychley, of which pack Lord Annaly (a first cousin of Mrs. Guest) is now the Master, in succession to Lord Spencer.

Lord and Lady Chesham have taken a lodge close to Peterborough, and their recently married daughter and her husband, Captain Morry, Manningham-Buller, are hunting from Thornhaugh Manor, the place they have taken in Northamptonshire.

Lord and Lady Baring go down to Stratton next Tuesday, where Lord Northbrook has a shooting party; and Lord and Lady Dartmouth are also entertaining at Patshull Park next week.

Since their succession to the title and property, Lord and Lady Dartmouth, who are immensely wealthy, have done a great deal to the house. Patshull Park contains the finest private cricket ground in England, on which annually the Zingari XI. try their luck, and in the grounds there is a splendid, large swimming bath with every modern comfort and appliance for those who wish to perfect themselves in the art of swimming.

### FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Nantwich County Ball is fixed to take place on January 20.

Sir Francis Jeune is progressing favourably towards recovery, but it is not expected that he will resume his seat in court until after Christmas.

The marriage of Captain Edward Charlton, Royal Navy, and Miss Laura Strutt will take place quietly in London on December 15. The date has unavoidably been changed from December 30.

The engagement is announced of Captain Alfred Mitchell, Royal Warwick Regiment, and Sibyl Gemma, only daughter of Colonel C. G. Heathcote (late 2nd North Stafford Regiment) and Mrs. Heathcote.

The Right Reverend the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland has arrived in London, and will be present at the St. Andrew's Day dinner of the Royal Scottish Corporation, at which the Lord Mayor is to preside. He will preach to-morrow in St. Columba's (Church of Scotland), Pont-street, S.W. The precedence of the Moderator, as established by Royal Warrant, is equivalent to that of a Lord Bishop in England.

All announcements duly authenticated for insertion in this column to be addressed to the Social Editor, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

## PARADISE BY THE SEA.

### POPULARITY OF PORTOFINO, ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

#### PORTOFINO.

The Duchesse San Teodoro is going to spend the winter at Helouan, and is to be accompanied by her eldest daughter, the Marchesa Chigi, and they will probably be some time in Cairo. The Duchesse has been staying at Portofino, a charming spot between Spezia and Genoa, and one of the most sheltered places on the now rapidly becoming popular Italian Riviera.

Lord Carnarvon has just purchased a small villa there with a delightful garden and superb views of the Harbour of Refuge (the only one between Leghorn and Genoa). Both Lord and Lady Carnarvon are shortly arriving there.

The English society is very small, but the drives and excursions by automobile are numerous and full of interest, including Genoa, with its tempting silk velvet and "antiquity" shops, the Carrara Mountains, with their famous white marble quarries, and even for a long day's expedition Pisa, with its quaint cathedral, "Campo Santo," Burial Place, and Leaning Tower. The yachting at Portofino is rather perilous, as sudden squalls come up, and also violent rainstorms prove very dangerous.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

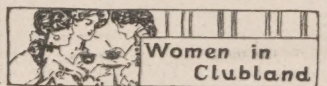
#### BORDIGHERA.

Bordighera is evidently to be well patronised this winter, and already a good many people have arrived there. Lord and Lady Strathmore are at the Villa Etelinda, Sir Lewis and Lady Melver at La Cava, and Lady Adela Larking comes very soon, when some delightful music will be organised by her clever son.

Bordighera yearly grows more in favour, with its lovely date palms and gardens now full of heliotrope, pink and scarlet geraniums and late roses, and the walls of the villas crimson with Bougainvillea and the yellow fruits of the passion flower, with here and there one of its scarlet blossoms.

The excursions to Dolce Aqua, the Valley of the Nervia, and others are easy and full of interest.

There is great anxiety in Cannes to know to whom the "millionaire," Mrs. Schenley, has left her lovely villa, Mont Fleury, with its exquisite garden and beautiful rooms full of artistic treasures.



Music is to be one of the chief interests at the Ladies' Athenaeum Club. There will be a special music room built out at the back of the clubhouse, and a feature will be made of musical Sunday evenings, Lady de Grey and the Baroness Meyer being among the musical members. The literary element of the club will include Mrs. Craigie, Lady Head, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, Mrs. Henry Anstruther, and Mrs. Crackanthorpe. Among the names of the artists are Lady Rivers-Wilson, Mrs. Jopling Rowe, Lady Butler, and Lady Stanley. As the Athenaeum will also have a political side, the names of such members as Mrs. Asquith, Lady Pearson, Lady Parker, Lady Constance Hatch, Lady Esmonde, and Mrs. George Cornwallis West, who is also very musical herself, being a pianist, are interesting. After December 2 the annual subscription for country members is to be raised from two to three guineas.

### The New Victorian.

The clubhouse at the New Victorian Club was on Tuesday evening overflowing with members and their guests when, after dinner, Mrs. Brownlow attacked women for ignorance of their duties as wives and mothers. Marriage as a profession, and whether there should not be state education for this most important profession of all was the general theme, one lawyer guest suggesting a remedy for the "frivolous, bridge-playing, whiskey-and-soda drinking women of to-day" by every bride being turned back from the altar if she could not produce a certificate of efficiency in domestic economy given by some state-appointed body. Miss Mabel Hawtrey argued that a wide liberal education in every way would be sufficient to teach a woman to adapt herself to her own particular home and surroundings, each case being distinctly different.

### The Green Park.

The Friday afternoon concerts at the Green Park Club, which form such a special feature in clubland, have now entered upon their tenth season. General Gatacre, Mr. Hamilton Aide, the Rev. Sir Borradaile Savory, and a hundred others were present at the last concert to enjoy some very fine singing, etc. Miss Teresa del Riego sang some of her own songs.

### The Pioneer.

Pioneer Club debaters have been discussing whether it is desirable for women to live alone in London or not. The throwing off of all responsibility in home affairs, or consideration for others, seemed in the eyes of many to mount up the selfishness that is an attribute of the bachelor women who lives homeless and alone. Doctors shook their heads over the glass of milk and bun, or the cup of tea and piece of bread and butter side of meals quoted as being the food of the bachelor

women, and Pioneers generally were brought to acknowledge that however convenient life alone might be for a little while, it more than a little made married life afterwards far harder, and savoured of the horrors of over work to which women alone are so prone, or illness in utter solitude.

### The Empress.

Some very smart dinner parties have been given at the Empress Club during the week, among the hostesses being the Baroness Haugwitz, who was entertaining; Mr. Gillett, chairman of the Bachelors' Club; Mr. Goff; Captain and Mrs. Nicholson; Lady Hart; Mr. Murray; Mr. and Mrs. McGregor, and others.

### Ladies' Army and Navy.

Matinée day always means a crowded clubhouse at the Ladies' Army and Navy Club, both for luncheon and teas, many of the parties being of the impromptu order. Among the interesting dinner parties of the week was one given by Mrs. Gaskell.

## OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

"Think with awe on the slow, the quiet power of time."—Schiller.

Many happy returns to:—

Countess Valda Gleichen. [Lord Grey.  
Lady Bradford. Lord Euston.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

Lady Brassey. [Lord Rathbone.  
Lady Elena Wickham. [Sir James Crichton-Browne.

Countess Valda Gleichen, the second daughter of Princess Victor Hohenlohe, while possessing in a great measure the artistic talent of her sister, Countess Feodore Gleichen, has, nevertheless, not distinguished herself in quite the same way. The latter is a sculptor of no mean order, who has exhibited at the Royal Academy. At one time she had a studio in Florence, where she studied very hard.

The initials "J.C.B." are well known to most people from their frequent appearance as a signature to very able letters in various journals. Their owner, Sir James Crichton-Browne, is a very distinguished scientific and medical man, who has written a great deal on these subjects, not only in newspapers, but in book form as well.

## WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following reports from our special correspondents:—

Calro.—Cloudy; maximum, 67; minimum, 51.  
Cannes.—Calm; warm; maximum, 61.  
Naples.—Ten hours' sunshine; maximum, 62; minimum, 50.  
Nice.—Calm; hazy; maximum, 55; minimum, 35.  
San Remo.—Beautiful weather; midday temperature, 66.

Bath.—Wet; maximum, 49; minimum, 43.  
Bournemouth.—Rain; maximum, 51.  
Eastbourne.—Strong gale; rain; maximum, 47; minimum, 40.  
Harrogate.—Fine, but dull; maximum, 44.  
Hastings.—Stormy; maximum, 46; minimum, 44.

## NAVAL AND MILITARY.

The *Sutlej*, armoured cruiser, Captain Paul Rush, was paid out of commission at Chatham Dockyard yesterday, and placed in the Medway Reserve. The crew of the *Sutlej* was granted ten days' leave, and on their return they will be sent to Portsmouth to join the new armoured cruiser *Berwick*, of the County class, which will be commissioned on December 9 to replace the *Minerva*, second-class cruiser, in the Cruiser Squadron. The *Berwick*, cruiser, has taken the place of the *Sutlej* in the Channel Fleet.

The cruiser *Victory* arrived at Plymouth yesterday from the Mediterranean service, where she has been relieved by the cruiser *Argonaut*. The *Victory* will proceed to Chatham to pay off.

A naval court-martial at Devonport, yesterday, sentenced Horace Alfred Connelly, a private of the Royal Marines, to six months' hard labour for desertion and misappropriating the money of his comrades from the cruiser *Dona*.

Major Igdon, Sherwood Foresters, has been selected for appointment to the Staff Office as Colonel MacDonald, R.E., Commanding the British force for service on the frontier of Tibet. He knows that region, and understands the language of the natives.

The following naval appointments are announced:—Lieut. C. Chaytor, to Jackal, in command, December 1; Staff Surgeon W. R. L. Young, to *Yenus*, December 8; Sub-Lieutenant J. S. Morrell to *Medusa*, November 27.

General Lord Chesham, 2nd Life Guards, will be Gold Stick, and Lieutenant-Colonel H. T. Fenwick, Royal Horse Guards, Silver Stick in Waiting upon the King for the ensuing month.

## WITH THE HOUNDS.

Sir Gilbert Greenall, who has been kept out of the hunting field for several weeks in consequence of a severe neuralgic affection, was yesterday able to take the command of the Belvoir Hounds, of which he is the Master, for the first time since his illness. The pack met at Folkingham, and the early sport was invested with a hue and forty minutes from Little Gorse.

The Duke of Beaufort's Hounds met yesterday at Lower Woods. Rain fell throughout the day, a small breeze being the result. Amongst the deer were the Duke, who hunted the dog hounds, and the Duchess. Withymoor provided three foxes, and one set sail for Kingswood, going over the vale, low as to ground in ten minutes. In the spiny adjoining a fox was collared before he could get away. Hardly was he broken up before another jumped up, pointing his ears for Charles. He crossed the brook, swung round, and over it again, then recrossed, hounds divided, part going to Charkfield village, the others with the Duke and the Duke's wife, where a check occurred. Dale brought up the other hounds, but on getting into the Berkeley country no further effort was made.

The North Cotswold Hounds met at Troopers' Lodge. Amongst those out were the Master, Lady Hilda McNeill, Miss Goodman, Miss Verney, Colonel Paley, Mrs. Sharp, Lieutenant Gordon Dugdale, Mr. A. Dugdale, Miss Dugdale, Captain Spencer, Mr. A. Rushout (the late Master), etc.

## LADIES' HOCKEY.

Essex beat Suffolk by four goals to nil yesterday at Chelmsford. Rain fell throughout, and the ground was in a bad state. The following forwards were good, particularly Frances and Allard, and combined well. The goals were shot by Horner and Frances. The losers were very plucky, but were out of order. The match was a well-played contest, but the goal was nil. On both sides the backs were good, but the shooting was bad.



## AMUSEMENTS.

**HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.**  
TO-DAY, at 3, and TO-NIGHT, at 9.

Preceded at 2.15, and 5.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.  
MATTINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

**HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.**  
TO-DAY, at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

Shakespeare's  
**KING RICHARD II.**

MATTINEE TO-DAY and EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.  
Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to ten—HIS MAJESTY'S.

## IMPERIAL THEATRE.

TO-DAY, at 2.30, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.  
MONSIEUR BEAUCOIRE.

MATTINEE TO-DAY and EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.  
TWO SPECIAL MATINEES WEDNESDAYS, Dec. 2 and 9.  
Box-office open 10 till 10. IMPERIAL.

## COURT THEATRE.

Mr. J. H. Leigh.  
Last Two Weeks of THE TEMPEST.

MATTINEES TO-DAY and DAILY NEXT WEEK, at 2.30.  
Box-office open 10 to 10. Telephone, 5,024 Westminster.

50TH PERFORMANCE and SOUVENIR NIGHT, Dec. 5.

**SHAFESBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrove.**  
WILLIAMS AND WALKER. IN DAHOMY.

MATTINEES WED. and SAT. 2.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

**MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER—AUTUMN**  
TOUR. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, PRINCE OF WALES'S  
THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM. The run of OLD HEIDEL-  
BERG will be resumed at the ST. JAMES'S on MONDAY,  
JANUARY 25.

## PERSONAL.

**SILVER and JEWELS** bought for cash—Catchpole and  
Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared to  
purchase second-hand plate and jewels at any amount.  
Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

**SHERRER'S DYE**—All shades; washable; permanent. Hair-  
dresses everywhere.

**MOST** divinely tall and fair, "Hinde's Curlers" wave her  
pretty hair.

**HINDE'S HAIR BIND**, 6d. Essential new style coiffure.

## LOST AND FOUND.

**LOST**, Thursday night, corner Pall Mall and St. James's  
street, lady's half-noon diamond ring; finder earnestly  
requested to return, it being valuable; reward—41,  
Pall Mall.

**PAWNBROKERS** and Porters—£10 Reward—Lost  
black cross, diamond in centre, attached jet chain—41,  
Pall Mall.

**£1 REWARD**—Lost, between Regent, Oxford, Bond-  
street, turquoise and pearl bracelet—Apply 9, Marble  
Arch.

**LOST**, 25th, black toy Pomeranian dog, name "Gust";  
finder rewarded—Apply 4, Montague-place, Russell-square.

**LOST**, between Maid-valle and Oxford-circus, small oval  
locket, ruby and pearls, photograph back, 10s. reward—4,  
Castellana-road, Maid-valle.

**VIOLET**—I should advise you to call or  
write to the London Shoe Co., Ltd., 123 and 125,  
Queen Victoria-street, London, W., who will send you a  
customer's own material in 3 hours. They also stock a  
variety of charming and latest shoes from 4s. 11d., suitable for  
your bridesmaids—V.T.H.E.L.

THE SUCCESS OF THE MUSICAL  
SEASON.

## "FLOWER PETTERS."

THE NEW SONG.

By

CHARLES WILLEY,

Composer of

"THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN."

Of all Music Sellers, and

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY,

8, Argyll-place,

London, W.

## CORSETS—DO NOT THROW AWAY

YOUR OLD FAVORITES, when properly repaired  
they answer in every way the purpose of a NEW PAIR.  
Black special work, with new boning, and generally  
RENOVATING old corsets. We also COPY corsets in  
three days. An estimate is sent in every case, and if not  
agreed to we return corsets carriage paid.  
J. ROSENBAUM AND SONS, Corset Makers,  
115, WESTBURY-GROVE, W., and branches.  
Corsets made to measure in three days from 31s. 6d.  
Please mention "Daily Mirror."

## MRS. POMEROY, 29, OLD BOND

STREET, LONDON. Liverpool: 35, Bold-street.  
Dublin: 39, Grafton-street. Cape Town: 19, Strand-street.  
The premier authority in the world on all Hygienic Complex-  
ion Treatment and Electrolysis gives consultation and  
advice, quite free of charge, personally, 11 to 5; Saturdays  
11 to 1; or by correspondence, and will send her "Beauty  
Balm," helpful and interesting to every woman, gratis and  
post free from any of the above, her only addresses.

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INLAND COLLIERIES SUPPLY COMPANY.  
105, Pancras-rd., N.W., and Somers Town High Level, N.W.  
Inland, Siltstone 21s. 6d. Best Black 21s. 6d. Best  
Best Brights 20s. 0d. Cobble 18s. 6d. Best  
Range Nuts 18s. 0d. (Cutter sack) 1s. 3d.  
All qualities special value; trial solicited. Tel. 779 K.C.

## BIRTHS.

**BURNARD**—On the 22nd inst., at St. Petersburg, the  
wife of F. W. Burnard, of a son.

**COX**—On the 23rd inst., at Snaresborough, Perthshire, the  
wife of W. H. Cox, of a son.

**DYSON**—On Nov. 23, at St. Marigrove, Brighton, the  
wife of Captain L. M. Dyson, Royal Field Artillery, of a  
daughter.

**FRUSCOTT**—On Nov. 25, at Mountfield, Kingston-hill, the  
wife of James Henry Fruscott, of a daughter.

**WHITNEY**—On Nov. 24, 1903, at Katonoo, Australia,  
the wife of Edward Whitney, of Neba, Coosambi,  
N.S.W.—a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

**GAULTIER-GRANT**—On the 26th inst., at St. Philip's,  
Kensington, by the Rev. W. St. John, Vicar, Lieutenant  
Colonel Henry Edward Gaultier, late 27th North Hamp-  
shire Regiment, and Miss Mary Grant, second daughter  
of the late Alexander Grant, Esq., of Oakfield, Middlesex.

**STREATHFIELD-CAREY**—On Nov. 25, at St. John's  
Church, Weymouth, Commander Philip Streathfield, R.N.,  
son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel H. D. Streathfield,  
field of Chiddingfold, Kent, to Edith Greencliff, elder  
daughter of Colonel F. W. Carey (retired), Royal Artillery,  
of Weymouth.

## DEATHS.

**COOPER**—On Thursday, Nov. 26, suddenly, John Forster  
Cooper, of 30, Devon-street, London, W., and 57, Moorgate-  
street, E.C., aged 60. No flowers.

**DE TATHAM**—On the 25th inst., Hamilton De Tatham,  
M.D., M.R.C.P., late Surgeon, H.M. Indian Army  
(retired), aged 69 years and 11 months.

**KIRTON**—On Nov. 19, at Longmore, Gairloch, Ross-shire,  
Isabella, the wife of Walter Kirton, Esq., aged 55.

**SIDNEY**—On the 25th inst., at 127, Ebury-street S.W.,  
the Hon. Mary Sidney.

**WADHAM**—On 26th inst., at 3, Wetherall-place, Clifton,  
Elizabeth eldest daughter of the late Thomas Wadham,  
of Francany, Gloucestershire, Esquire.

## NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business  
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LONDON, E.C.

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made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

The  
Daily Mirror.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1903.

## TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

## The Starvation of Children.

EVERYONE must some time or other have  
noticed the little ragged crowds of children  
that wait late at night outside the doors of  
bakers and confectioners' shops. They  
wait for the stale bread and buns which the  
more or less charitable shopkeepers dis-  
tribute at the end of the day. They wait  
for that reason which, with regard to child-  
hood, is at once the simplest and most tragic  
explanation of misery—because they have  
not enough to eat.

The conditions in which these helpless little  
members of the community exist form the  
subject of a painfully impressive series of  
articles by Mr. ROBERT H. SHERARD, the  
first of which we print to-day. No humane  
person can fail to be distressed and revolted  
by some of the details printed in that article;  
and to no humane person do we offer any  
apology for printing it. For there is no sub-  
ject upon which the duty of citizens is plainer  
or less entangled by conflicting respon-  
sibilities than it is in this. To say that to-  
day's children are to-morrow's citizens, and  
the stuff upon which depends the very exist-  
ence of to-morrow's Empire, is but to state  
a hackneyed truism; yet its very obviousness  
and simplicity cause it too often to fall into  
the background of that collection of facts  
which make up our responsibilities.

It is a very sad and ugly and revolting  
state of affairs which Mr. SHERARD has to  
reveal. But will anyone venture to say that  
his statement of the case is exaggerated or  
untrue? It is, on the contrary, its naked and  
convincing truth which makes it so sad and  
so revolting. Mr. SHERARD will have some-  
thing to say on the conditions under which  
the children of the East End live and work,  
but his first article deals with their food, or  
rather with their want of food. And in this  
connection indignation is naturally  
directed first of all against the parents, who,  
although able to provide their  
children with properly cooked and  
nourishing food of a simple kind, prefer out  
of laziness to feed them on scraps of tinned  
meat, dried fish, cold potatoes, and other  
insufficient diet. But we fear that respon-  
sibility cannot be said to end with the  
parents. An evil so vital, which touches  
our whole country and race so fatefully, can-  
not be put down to one class only. It is  
the common duty of all of us to do what we  
can to mitigate it, and to help in educating  
those immediately concerned into a healthy  
sense of their own duty and responsibility.

Ignorance, far more than wilful cruelty,  
is probably the cause of half this childish  
starvation and malnutrition. That it is  
not due to parental greed Mr. SHERARD shows  
by his instance of the prosperity of the sweet  
shops in the poorest quarters; although this  
may be due to the fact that the parents  
recognise in sweets an easy means of allaying  
the pangs of a child's hunger, and that many  
sweets, such as those containing paregoric,  
are often used as the equivalent of drugs,  
which soothe and dull the healthy craving  
for nourishment.

We are compelled, therefore, to face the  
truth that thousands of children annually in  
London alone are starved, not owing to the  
poverty or greed of their parents, but to their  
sloth and ignorance. That shocking result

of extreme poverty, the habit of regarding  
children as assets which have a certain  
financial value, doubtless causes their  
parents to neglect their proper development  
in the hurry of getting them out on the  
streets to earn money. The years which  
these little citizens should spend in acquir-  
ing strength and equipment for the coming  
struggle are spent in premature suffering and  
toil. What wonder, then, that they are  
weak and diseased; what wonder that they  
fail to provide a virile succeeding genera-  
tion; what wonder that so many of them, to  
use Mr. SHERARD's words, "go back, after  
lingering months or years of want and suffer-  
ing, to the Imperial City from whence they  
came"?

The finding of remedies for this state of  
things is a matter for separate and more  
elaborate consideration. The first neces-  
sity is that we should all realise them; and  
in that duty we hope that Mr. SHERARD's  
articles, painful as they are, will help our  
readers.

## CHARACTER IN COLLARS.

By C. D. H.

It is a remarkable oversight on the part  
of our social and moral reformers that they  
have never investigated how far a man's  
character is determined by the fashion of  
his collar. There is obviously a wide and  
interesting field open to the inquirer who  
searches the statistics of crime on this  
matter. How many criminals, for instance,  
brought to justice during the last twenty  
years, were high, stiff collars? It is an ac-  
knowledgeed fact that there are more male  
than female criminals. How far is this due  
to the fact that (speaking generally) the  
female costume has greater "constraining"  
power than that worn by the male members  
of the community?

The idea of the moral influence of dress,  
though at first startling, is not without his-  
toric precedent. "Was not clothing one of  
the first results of the Fall, and may we not  
consider the sumptuary laws of our fore-  
fathers to have been caused by some faint  
glimmering of an important principle? We  
always associate the loose, flimsy collars and  
unconstrained costume of the Cavaliers  
with a corresponding loose system of morals;  
and the straight-cut, stiffer, and more con-  
strained garments of the Puritans with a  
stricter moral system. The late Mr. Glad-  
stone was as universally known by his collars  
as by his uprightness. Who would be dar-  
ing enough to dogmatise as to which was the  
cause and which the effect?

Further inquiries into this interesting sub-  
ject may show that when we admire a man  
of high moral character, we are simply prais-  
ing the result and overlooking the cause.  
This brings us to another aspect of the  
matter. Do we properly appreciate our clear-  
starchers, who are, in the care of our col-  
lars, proving themselves to be the real cus-  
todians of public morals? Yet, we never hear  
of a laundress being presented at Court, or  
decorated with an Order of Merit.

An old proverb has it, that no man is a  
hero to his valet. This must mean that no  
one but a man's valet has such opportunities  
of studying his character without the support  
of his collar. Such being the case, the  
practical question arises, if collars influence  
conduct, is it not the duty of the State, as  
the guardian of public morals, to make the  
wearing of stiff collars compulsory? In  
short, since we muzzle our dogs to stamp  
out hydrophobia, ought we not to "collar"  
our men to eliminate crime? Instead of  
fining a wrong-doer, or sentencing him to a  
short or longer term of imprisonment, he  
should be ordered another inch or so to the  
height of his collar, and thus collars would  
become barometers as it were, indicating  
the state of the morals of the wearer.

The gain to the whole community, if such  
a measure were successful, would be enor-  
mous, even if only considered from a pecu-  
niary point of view. The money now an-  
nually spent in maintaining our prisoners  
might be devoted to any or all of the fol-  
lowing projects: Paying off the National Debt;  
buying out Irish landlords; readjusting "out-  
cast" London; supplying modern guns to  
our Army; enlarging and modernising our  
Navy; providing dowries for "unapprop-  
riated blessings." When one thinks of all  
the good to be obtained from so simple a  
measure, one feels that here is scope for the  
apparently exhaustless energy even of the  
woman of to-day. Surely the elevation of  
the whole of the male members of the com-  
munity would satisfy even her desire for the  
improvement of the stronger sex.

LADY SYKES'S  
INDISCRETION.

## A REVELATION OF DULLNESS.

ALGERNON CASTERTON. Some experiences during  
the first twenty-five years of his life. By J. A. C. Sykes.  
(Bickers and Son.)

WITH some natural excitement of antici-  
pation we opened this novel about  
London Society by Lady Sykes. What in-  
dictment was in store for the "smart set"  
now? Surely Rita would be outwitted? Here  
at last we should get the slashing personal  
truth, the epigram barbed and unerring! Here  
at last we should find the drawing-room  
viewed from the carriage instead of from the  
area.

In short we looked for a brilliant indiscre-  
tion. Alas! we have one; but it turns out to  
be of a very different kind from that expected.  
For in very truth one must confess that Lady  
Sykes's indiscretion consists in having ever  
taken the trouble to write such a dismal,  
foolish, wearisome, and unappealing story as  
"Algernon Casterton."

There is no need whatever for Lady Sykes  
to confess in her preface that no personalities  
are intended in the characters of the story, and  
that "no actual fact is therein related." Even  
if the characters were labelled with the very  
names of the "well-known and distinguished  
personages" from whom Lady Sykes wishes to  
dissociate her puppets, their doings and say-  
ings would, so far as we can see, be just as  
unutterably dull beneath the recording pen of  
Lady Sykes.

As for any social revelations, one can only  
say that Lady Sykes claims that the "incidents  
described are purely imaginary." That is,  
perhaps, comforting. But we cannot but re-  
mind Lady Sykes that they have been purely  
imaginary for very many years, and have  
formed the stock of multitudinous worthless  
melodramas and conventional novels.

## The Truth About Society.

A Jewish millionaire of the "disky" type  
familiar to third-rate fiction is, to put it in  
plain words, "chased" by an American ad-  
venturer. He is going to marry her, but  
dies just before her necessary divorce suit is  
over, and leaves two wills; the one leaving  
his money to her proves to be unsigned and  
invalid. Oh, these millionaires' wills, how  
tired we are of them!

In the smaller details of the story, however,  
one is haunted by a sort of belief that,  
through all the laboured amateurishness of her  
writing, Lady Sykes is in a way expressing a  
fact about Society. Going carefully through  
the book, we cannot find one single bright re-  
mark. Now is it not possible that Lady Sykes  
is thus telling conclusively a very real truth?  
Is it not possible that Society is actually like  
that; that it is not brilliant; that it is, on  
the contrary, unconsciously rapid and  
stupid, and that more real wit passes across  
an East-End public-house bar in an evening  
than across a Berkeley-square dinner-table in  
a month?

If that is so, Lady Sykes might, indeed,  
have been appreciated as a realist, if only  
she had allowed herself to write with some  
semblance to nature. Unfortunately, she has  
not. Her dialogue is more boring even than  
we can imagine Society dialogue to be.  
People talk for five pages together without  
a single protest from their poor interlocutors;  
long, pointless biographies are dragged  
wearily in just at critical moments. In fact,  
if there is little matter in the book, there is  
even less art; and the very language is guile-  
lessly, uninterestingly erratic. A character  
is "oblivious to female charms," and another  
wears a "very stand-up collar!"

## An Odd Dedication.

As a revelation of manners, the worst thing  
that appears to happen is in the case of a Lady  
Longfield, who kisses the Jewish millionaire  
on the top of his bald head, and wheedles  
£1,500 out of him. Certainly a Royal Com-  
mission should be appointed to find out  
whether English peeresses kiss Jewish million-  
aires on the top of their bald heads. It is—  
or must be—most unpleasant.

One may add that upon gambling, pleasure-  
seeking, hard-hearted Americans, and other  
things, Lady Sykes has some things to say,  
but they are, at best, weedy and stale moralis-  
ings, and have been put much more cogently  
before. The book, by the way, is dedicated  
to "Thomas, my rayson, an old servant and a  
faithful friend," so someone, at any rate, will  
read it with pleasure. Another use for "the  
old retainer!"

## SPIDER WAISTS.

"Spider waists" are now *de rigueur*,  
Corresponding corsets, too!

Maidsens of a portly figure

What do you propose to do?

Bow before the ruling passion!

Since there isn't any doubt

"Staying-in's" to be the fashion,

What's the good of standing out?

Be persuaded, since you know it's

Foolish to remain forlorn;

"Spider waists" are not as poets—

To "be made" they are not "born"!

And your hopes on this assumption

May be confidently based—

Only wilful want of gumption

Goes to make a woeful waist!

A. H. W.





## "DON JUAN AND DON QUIXOTE."

THE AUTHOR OF "DOUBLE  
HARNESS."

THE MOST POPULAR NOVELIST  
OF THE DAY.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE, whose new  
novel, "Double Harness," is to begin  
in our columns next Tuesday, was once

Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Dolly Dia-  
logues" appeared that he really obtained the  
ear of the great public.

He writes his books in a solitary, scantily-  
furnished office, in a little street off the Strand,  
and he always finds that studies of character,  
like "The Dolly Dialogues," take him much  
longer than the cut-and-thrust costume story  
of romantic incident.

He does not write regularly from ten to  
four, for he often has a lazy mood. But, con-

love for those stories written with a purpose.  
It is interesting to remember that not so  
very long ago Anthony Hope confided to an  
interviewer that he had never attempted writ-  
ing for the stage, "though people have told  
me that my dialogue is not uninteresting."

At the present time he is one of the most  
successful playwrights in the world, equally  
popular in this country and in America.  
There is as much to be written concerning  
Mr. Anthony Hope's career as a playwright  
as there is concerning his career as a novelist.

But it is in the latter capacity that he inter-  
ests readers of the *Daily Mirror* just now,  
and we do not hesitate to say that on and  
after Tuesday next he will interest them very  
much indeed.

### THE KING'S WATER-COLOURS.

To be on Show in Pall Mall Next Week.

The main feature of the exhibition of the  
Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours,  
which will open on Monday, is a collection  
of drawings presented by the Princess Louise,  
Duchess of Argyll, an Honorary Member of  
the Society, and the other Members and Asso-  
ciates to the King and Queen on the occa-  
sion of the Coronation. These have been  
graciously lent for this exhibition by his  
Majesty.

The rest of the exhibition is not very excit-  
ing, if we except the really masterly little  
studies by George Clausen. "Spring Morn-  
ing," "The Willows," "Evening," "Mid-  
summer Heat," and "A Rainy Day," are his  
subjects, and in each instance the very soul  
of Nature—gay or sad—is expressed in the  
small compass of a few inches.

In "The Willows" you can see the very  
movement of the sparkling, silvery leaves in  
the gentle breeze. And the means by which  
these vivid effects are achieved are of the  
simplest—a few bold splashes that seem  
almost meaningless when you see them close  
to; but every touch is in the right place, every  
tone as it is in nature.

The beauty of Venice has again inspired  
a number of artists, notably Miss Clara  
Montalba and Mr. Reginald Barratt. Miss  
Montalba sees her scenes with the eyes of  
Turner, through a glowing red and yellow  
mist; Mr. Barratt is perhaps a little hard in  
his drawing of architecture, but his painting  
of water is liquid and transparent.

Among the other women painters who  
figure prominently among the exhibitors, are  
Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, whose touch is as  
characteristic and virile as ever; Miss Alice  
M. Swan, to whom certain lines of poetry too  
long to be here quoted suggest some ex-  
quisite landscape visions; Mrs. Allingham  
(Venice again!); and Miss Martineau.

### "DAILY MIRROR" SERMONETTE. SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THIS PAPER.

By the Rev. Canon J. DAVENPORT KELLY,  
of Manchester.

St. James, i., 27: "Pure religion and undefiled  
before God and the Father is this, to visit the father-  
less and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself  
unspotted from the world."

It is frequently brought as an accusation  
against Christianity that it looks exclu-  
sively to the next world, and, by implication,  
that it neglects the duties of this life.

To give point to this assertion, a word has  
been coined which is supposed to express its  
position—"otherworldliness." This state-  
ment, when examined, proves to be entirely  
baseless. It is true that we attribute supreme  
importance to the Eternal life, as is right and  
proper, for eternity is infinitely greater than  
time. But it is contrary to fact to assert that  
we leave out of view the claims of this life.

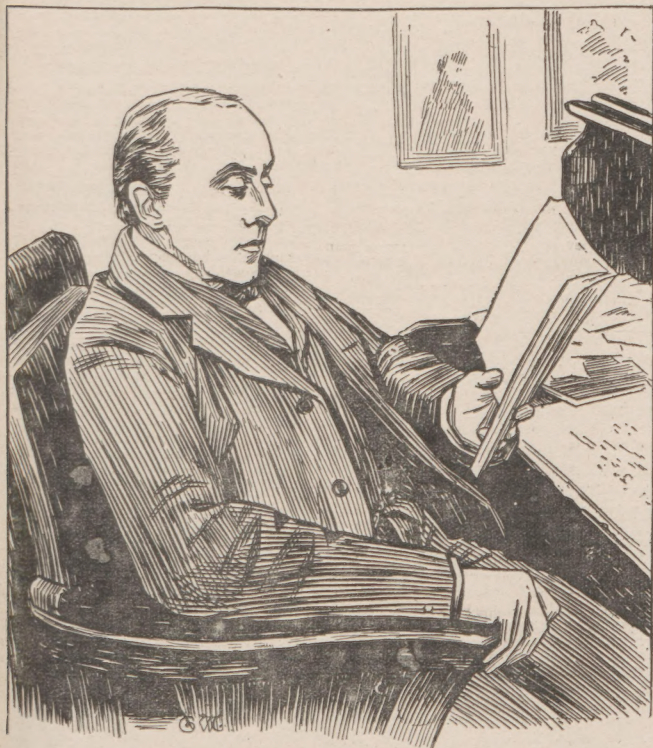
A great part of Holy Scripture is occupied  
with the duties we owe to one another. In  
the earliest books we have strict injunctions  
as to the loving kindness which must be  
shown to the stranger, the widow, and the  
fatherless.

The fatherless and the widows are the  
weakest portion of the household, the most in  
need of support. Think of the condition of  
things in a family from which the father  
has been removed by death. The widow has  
not merely, as in her husband's lifetime, to  
make the wages go as far as possible, but to  
earn those wages; and, in addition, to see that  
the children are fed, clothed, educated. This  
is the gallant struggle which many a widow is  
waging at the present moment; and we should  
be unworthy of being counted among the fol-  
lowers of Christ if we looked with indifference  
on the women and children thus left without  
their natural protector.

All this is good, but it is only part of St.  
James's advice. With charity he joins per-  
sonal holiness: "Keep himself unspotted from  
the world."

And I urge on you to take the wise advice  
of the Apostle: not to be spotted or stained by  
this worldly spirit. Your business, and I hope  
your joy, is to live as God wills, a godly,  
righteous, and sober life. This will include  
all that is truly valuable—worship, prayer,  
devotion unto God, true faith in the Lord  
Jesus Christ, submission to the guidance of  
the Holy Spirit, righteousness in your con-  
duct towards others, fairness in contract,  
punctual payment of debts, help in distress,  
sobriety in yourselves, pureness, temperance,  
hatred of all that is foul and unmanly.

Accept such principles, study to show them  
in practice, and we shall see distinct signs  
of that physical and moral improvement which  
we seek to bring about.



Mr. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

The Author of "Double Harness," the New Novel to be published in the "Daily Mirror," the  
first chapters of which will be published on December 1st. From a Photograph specially taken for  
the "Daily Mirror."

described as having impressed a clever  
woman, who belonged to the same nation-  
ality as the famous novelist's young wife, as  
an agreeable blend of Don Juan and Don  
Quixote!

As he is blessed with a saving sense of  
humour, he will probably regard this cryptic  
description as a compliment rather than  
otherwise. In one matter, however, he would  
be the first to admit that he is singularly un-  
like both the famous Spanish heroes, for he  
will not allow that he has ever met with a  
single adventure, and he is fond of saying  
that his life has been a most commonplace  
one.

Anthony Hope took his first literary lessons  
from Bunyan. As a child he would go to  
sleep with the "Pilgrim's Progress" for bed-  
fellow, and then dream of Apollyon.

A man could hardly hope to find wiser  
teachers of our language than Bunyan and  
those inspired folk who Englished the Bible  
as we now know it.

Marlborough and Balliol were Anthony  
Hope's school and college. There he became  
an enthusiastic footballer and a sprinter on  
the running path. In between times he got  
his two first classes in the schools.

He was destined for the Bar—his father is  
first cousin to Lord Brampton, better known  
to fame as Mr. Justice Hawkins—but after he  
was called briefs were scarce, and he began to  
write, partly for amusement and partly for  
money.

A Political Forlorn "Hope."

In 1892 Anthony Hope (whose political  
ambitions are understood to be still there, so to  
speak) stood for Parliament. He tried a fall  
with Viscount Curzon (now Earl Howe, Queen  
Alexandra's Lord Chamberlain) in South  
Bucks, the noble lord's own territory.

It was a one-sided contest, but Mr. Hope  
got out of it some firm friends and two ex-  
tremely comfortable arm-chairs, which the  
grateful Liberals presented to their candidate!

With "Mr. Witt's Widow," a capital story of  
an adventures, he had already achieved a  
modest success, and this was followed by "A  
Change of Air" and "Half a Hero," both very  
good novels. But it was not until "The

considering that he will have no dealings with  
stenographers or phonographs or typewriters,  
his output is pretty constant in quantity.

The Man and the Worker.

The marriage of this interesting personality  
to a charming American lady—Miss Eliza-  
beth Sheldon, a sister of Miss Suzanne Shel-  
don—was one of the social literary events of  
last summer.

The Bishop of Stepney, who was "up" at  
Balliol with the bridegroom, officiated, and,  
needless to say, the ceremony was at St.  
Bride's, Fleet-street, of which the bride-  
groom's father has long been vicar.

Anthony Hope's dry humour came out well  
when, covered with showers of rice, he put  
his head in at the carriage window and gently  
inquired of his wife: "You are not going on  
your honeymoon alone, are you, dear?"

No one could be less like the conventional  
idea of a great writer than Mr. Anthony  
Hope. He looks much more like a success-  
ful barrister, or perhaps a medical baronet.

Of medium height, and with a strong but  
not at all a thick-set figure, his refined clear-  
cut features and his penetrating blue eyes  
convey an instant impression of reserve  
power.

Most characteristic of the man is his par-  
ticularly charming smile, lighting up a face  
which in repose has an air, if not exactly of  
sadness, at any rate, of serious thought.

"It's Dogged as Does It."

Mr. Anthony Hope is the kindest of friends  
and advisers to the budding novelist, espe-  
cially to him who is a member of the Society of  
Authors, for the author of "Double Harness"  
has long given up some of his scanty leisure  
to the Society founded by the late Sir Walter  
Besant.

He is a great believer in the value of doing  
work as well as it can be done, and, speaking  
from his own experience, he is all in favour  
of perseverance. Several of his earlier books  
which now sell as well as anything he has  
written had no success at first in the sense in  
which publishers and writers understand the  
word.

He holds that a novel has for its primary  
object entertainment, and he has no great



MRS. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS,  
The charming American Wife of the Famous Novelist. (Photo by Caswall Smith.)



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# The World of Fashion.

By Mrs. JACK MAY.

## SOME MODES AND A MOOD.

### NEW MATERIALS AND FRESH COLOURS FOR THE WINTER.

OUR grievance is over, and it was one both tangible and trying. We are at last justified in exploiting the furs of our best affection. Not that we have attempted to resist, for a moment, their persuasion, rather have we borne them with a fortitude worthy of a better cause, and have accepted with a quite beautiful philosophy the resulting melting process.

But a truce to furs for the moment, though their mention has served its end in bringing the thought of how admirable is the prevailing mole tint in cloth and crêpe de Chine. Before the elegant virtues of a crêpe de Chine gown I bowed in deep adoration the other day.

against them, so long as we are spared the painfulness of a pun. Such, however, is an unwarrantable diversion, the more unpardonable since there awaits to be chronicled the revival of corduroy. We have all been so concerned over the importance of mousseline velvet—by the way, I pause to protest against the use of the word chiffon in this connection—that there has been something of an inclination to

TO be a tailor of note to-day is to occupy a position in no sort a sinecure. For we women have grown exacting to a point that defies description. We demand all the accumulated knowledge of long years of experience, combined with so-called popular prices, a mingling of virtues it is given only to large firms, such as Messrs. Dale, to achieve.

With establishments situated in every available quarter of the

## TAILORING TACTICS.

### DESIGNS OF A FAMOUS FIRM.

## THE PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

### No. 9.—PELISSE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

This model comes as a distinct change from the short-waisted Dutch pelisse and also the single straight sacque, the box pleats that occur either side front and back lending a certain fussiness to the scheme. It may be exploited with equal certainty of success in zibeline, when a collar of fur makes a pleasant diversion, Liberty velvet, or plain cloth, in myrtle green, royal blue, or brown.

The picture on the first column suggests as a finish to the cape a deep Vandyck point lace flounce, surmounted by a line of fur, which latter is continued up either front and round the collar and cuffs. Quantity of double width material required for child from two to four years 2½ yards; lace 1 yard; fur 2½ yards. Flat pattern, 6d.; tacked up, including flat, 1s. 6d.

### "DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London



THE THREE SKETCHES shown above depict on the extreme left a smart ermine toque trimmed with a ribbon quill. In the centre appears a graceful picture hat of Eminence purple, with a ruche of purple roses and a couple of shaded feathers. On the right is shown a lovely toque of embroidered felt and chinchilla plush, with masses of purple grapes at the back.

And it was all so supremely simple in silhouette, this disguising, nevertheless, a wealth of workmanship, chiefly expressed through the medium of gaugings and the tiniest ruchings of soft satin ribbon. The latter emphasised a delightful note disposed about the edge of a fichu effect, formed by narrow superposed frills set from beneath a little turnover collar with lappet ends of coarse lace, while the merest soupçon of pale blue occurred at the throat. Ah me! it was a creation to conjure with, notwithstanding its similitude to our own peculiar murky atmosphere. For, as someone remarked recently, the difficulty is to tell where a mole-clad woman commences and the background of our blurred murkiness ends.

But there are ever would-be wits in the world, and let no voice be raised in protest

ignore the persuasive presence of an equally supple corduroy. So soft and manageable and wondrously light is this, coutourieres are enabled to manoeuvre it with the utmost "sang froid" into skirts set full gathered all round the waist, save just in the centre front, where an emphatic flatness is still the order of the hour, and bodices pouching aggressively everywhere over the ubiquitous leather belt.

A supremely successful effort arranged on these lines told its story in a genuine corduroy tone of delicate tan, the corsage cut décolleté to reveal a little chemisette of fine silk lawn and lace that was quite detached, this filmy touch of relief finding tasteful repetition in double sleeve ruffles. The costume was worn with a plateau of petunia felt, set on to a curved down brim, suggestively mushroom in style, of petunia silk beaver, with one ostrich feather shading paler at the tip flung over one side, and a lovely fur set of black pointed fox.

I am speculating, among many and divers others equally interesting problems, why the young girl has made so determinedly her own this peltary persuasion. That she has done so there is no manner of doubt, as all who walk round the smart shopping centres may see. One would have thought some of the lighter foxes, such as silver, grey or blue, and, of course, white, would have been more in harmony with youth and freshness.

metropolis, they are able to provide a choice of extraordinary comprehensiveness, wherefore none need fear to brave the portals of 255, Regent-street; 12, Westbourne-grove; Sloane-street; Buckingham Palace-road, etc., in fear that their purse will not be fully provided.

In the creation of what one may call the habillé tailor-made, Messrs. Dale are peculiarly successful, and it is to be noted with some significance how they are distinctly pioneering the long pleated basque, a detail delightfully evidenced in the adjoined sketch, which is a model that has been effectively expressed in black face cloth, the diamond motifs, band, and tiny bodice choux in black velvet.

Then, entirely apart from the strictly tailoring side of the business, there is an equally admirably conducted dressmaking department, where there reposes for the moment a really wonderful little evening frock in plissé soie de Chine, trimmed generously with medallion patterned lace, the corsage completed by a graceful berthe and angel sleeve, the whole ready to be slipped on may be secured for the modest sum of 4 guineas.

A large and very novel ring-patterned net is threaded in an elaborate and effective manner, with narrow black satin ribbons. But the house of Dale is altogether replete with interesting modes of the moment.

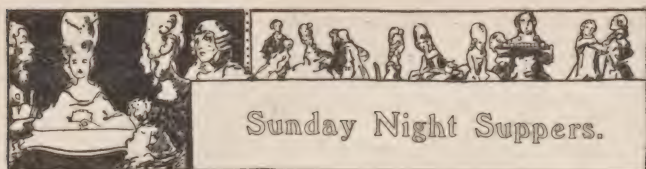


Smart Black Cloth Costume with a Novel Pleated Basque Coat.

No. 9.—A Winter Pelisse worn with a Big Black Hat.

A New Fur Set of Ermine edged with Mole.





## RECIPES FOR A SOCIABLE REPAST.

TO the uninitiated it may appear that the arrangement of the menu and other details of the Sunday supper that is so popular in many circles will be more simple, and, therefore, more easy to order, than a stately dinner; but that is not exactly the case. Suppers are regarded with distrust by a large number of individuals. Faddists in food were never more to the fore than in the present day, and amongst the guests there are certain to be a few who will only partake of the very lightest form of refreshment that ever ancient or modern chef created. Opposed to them will be those of a sturdier build, with digestive capacities akin to those of Africa's proverbial bird. Ingenuity is, therefore, necessary in order to plan as varied a menu as possible.

Besides variety, it is essential to consider the lightness and wholesomeness of each dish, and to combine all with elegance and grace of service. There is practically no limitation as to what dishes may and may not appear for supper, nor yet whether they be hot or cold, this latter point usually being decided by the amount of consideration paid to the domestics of the household. There should not, however, be a succession of "courses"; the various dishes, hot and cold, sweet and savoury, should find their places on the table and sideboard at the same time, unless there are numbers of servants at their mistress's beck and call.

## The Value of Scraps.

Nowadays the invaluable chafing-dish plays a very important part in meals of this description, the hostess frequently displaying great skill in preparing dainty concoctions under the very eyes of her admiring guests. This is done to such an extent that cooking instructors trained in the culinary art make a special feature of visiting their pupils and coaching them in novel and attractive delicacies.

As with breakfast and luncheon dishes, those for supper are often more a question of thought, time, and trouble than of money, though they can be made as elaborate and costly as desired. Remains of cooked fish, game, poultry, and meat, such as are of necessity found in every home, redressed will become the most effective trifles, though perhaps they would appear to the ignorant as merely uninteresting scraps. It is the experienced chef who knows the value and necessity of such scraps, and on them he displays some of his most skillful handiwork.

The fish par excellence for suppers is the oyster, either uncooked or cooked in various styles. Game and poultry, grilled and devilled, are always popular; white dishes of dressed eggs, omelets, sandwiches, and cheese, with various Italian pastes, such as ribbon macaroni and spaghetti, are much appreciated. More solid dishes should be represented by mayonnaise of fish, game, or poultry, savoury aspic, galantines, and pies.

There should also be some joints, cold beef, hams, or tongue, which, with dainty sweets, such as creams, savarins, fruit salads,

and meringues, should offer endless selection from which to draw up a menu. Cheese, pulled bread, biscuits, and salad are placed in dishes upon the table, salted or devilled almonds have all their recognised position, and would be greatly missed if omitted. The following recipes will all be found suitable for a supper hostess's requirements.

## DISHERS FOR SUNDAY NIGHT'S SUPPERS.

## MACARONI AU MACEDOINE.

INGREDIENTS:—Three ounces of well boiled macaroni, half a pint of white sauce, two hard-boiled eggs, two cooked large potatoes, half a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and one teaspoonful each of cooked peas, beans, carrots, and cucumber. Seasoning.

The macaroni should be in lengths about an inch long. Put it in a saucepan with half the sauce. Cut all the vegetables except the potatoes into dice or shreds. Put them in another saucepan with the rest of the sauce. Season them well, also the macaroni. Cut the potatoes into strips like matches. Slice the eggs. Fry the potatoes a golden brown, drain them on paper. Put a border of the hot macaroni round a dish. Heap the macedoine of vegetables in the middle. Round the edge of the macaroni put alternate heaps of fried potatoes and slices of eggs. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Cost 1s. 4d. for six portions.

## YORKSHIRE HOT-POT.

INGREDIENTS:—Two pounds of best end neck mutton, two pounds of potatoes, half a pound of Spanish onions, four sheep's kidneys, half a pound of mushrooms, one pint of stock, one ounce of butter, and salt and pepper.

Divide the mutton into neat cutlets. Peel and slice the potatoes thickly and the onions thinly. Peel the mushrooms. Skin and halve the kidneys.

Put these in layers with seasoning in the hot-pot. Add the stock and small bits of the butter on the top. Cover and bake slowly for two and a half or three hours. For the last half hour remove the lid for the top layer of potatoes to colour.

Cost 3s. 10d. for eight portions.

## FRUIT SALAD.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of black grapes, half a pound of white grapes, two bananas, half a pound of fresh or tinned pineapple, two oranges, half a pound of tinned apricots, one ounce of sweet almonds, one ounce of pistachio nuts, one lemon, one tablespoonful of curaçao, one small bottle of white wine, hock or moselle, and castor sugar to taste.

Peel and cut the bananas in rings. Skin, and remove all the pith, and divide each sippet of orange into half. Cut the pineapple and apricots into dice. Blanch, shell, and finely shred the almonds and pistachio nuts.

Put all the fruits into a salad bowl, strain over the lemon juice, add the liqueur and wine, sweeten to taste. Place the bowl on ice till required.

Cost 3s. 8d. for ten portions.

## SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

## No. 80.—CHICKEN SAUTE A LA RUSSE.

INGREDIENTS:—One fowl, two ounces of raw or cooked ham, half a pint of brown sauce, four tablespoonfuls of salad oil, half an ounce of butter, half a small onion, ten preserved or fresh button mushrooms, one truffle, one lemon, one glass of sherry, one slice of bread two inches thick.

Cut the fowl into small joints. Fry these in the oil and butter till a light brown. Add to these the chopped onion and ham cut in dice. Fry these for three minutes and pour off the grease. Add the sherry and sauce, cover the pan and simmer for half an hour. Add the mushrooms, halved, and season with lemon juice, salt and pepper. Shape and cut the bread to fit the dish. Notch it and fry a golden brown. Put this croûte of bread on a hot dish. Arrange the chicken, &c., on the top. Pour the sauce over and sprinkle with chopped truffle.

Cost 4s. 8d. for eight portions.

## No. 81.—TIMBALES OF PHEASANT.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of cooked macaroni, half a pound of mushrooms (large), half a pound of cold pheasant, quarter of a pound of cooked ham, three raw yolks of eggs, one gill of white sauce, half a pint of tomato sauce, salt and pepper.

Thickly butter some small plain dariole moulds. Take a long piece of the macaroni and coil it round inside the mould till it is lined with it.

Chop the pheasant, ham, and the rest of the mushrooms after saving one whole one for each mould. Mix the chopped ingredients with the sauce and heat. Beat and add the yolks, season well. Fill the moulds carefully with this mixture, steam them gently for about half an hour. Fry the rest of the mushrooms in butter till tender. Put them on a hot dish. Turn out the moulds carefully, place one on each mushroom. Remove any grease from them with soft paper. Pour hot tomato sauce round.

Cost 4s. 6d. for about ten portions.

## No. 82.—BLOATER TOAST.

INGREDIENTS:—One blazer, three ounces of fresh butter, one gill of cream, two level tablespoonfuls of flour, pepper, hot-buttered toast.

Remove the head and tail from the fish, cut it in four and fry the pieces with the roc in one ounce of the butter for five minutes. Then remove the skin and bones, pound the flesh smoothly with a teaspoonful of cold butter and rub it through a hair sieve.

Melt half an ounce of the butter in a pan, stir in the flour, add the milk and stir till it boils, then add the cream. Add the blazer, season and keep it hot. Cut the toast into rounds the size of a claret glass. Force the blazer purée prettily on to the toast and sprinkle with paprika (a pretty red pepper).

Cost 1s. for eight portions.

## PRIZE RECIPE AWARD.

We award the prize of £1 1s. for the best cooking recipe this week to:—

Miss ELLA SYMONDS,

7, Hooley-place, W.

for the recipe Pheasant au Diable, an excellent luncheon or breakfast dish.

## PHEASANT AU DIABLE.

Cut the remains of cold pheasant into neat pieces, dip them in a little warmed butter. Mix a paste of mustard, finely-chopped chutney, cayenne, salt, and a few drops of lemon-juice, and carefully spread this over the pieces of game. Scatter over this some brown crumbs; arrange the game in a fire-proof dish or on a baking tin; place some small pieces of butter on each little joint; dust with pepper, and bake for about fifteen minutes in a hot oven. Have ready a very hot dish, place a fancy paper d'œuf on it; arrange the game in the centre, and surround it with a border of crisp fried potatoes. Garnish with sprigs of watercress, and serve very hot. Cost, 2s.

## A CHOICE OF DISHES.

## BREAKFAST.

Plaice, Neufchatel style. Scrambled Eggs. Grilled Ham and Mushrooms. Oatmeal Porridge and Cream. Rolled Tongue.

## LUNCH OR SUPPER.

Scotch Broth. Cock-a-leekie. \*Macaroni au Macedoine. \*Oyster Patties. \*Timbales of Pheasant. \*Yorkshire Hot Pot. Fruit Salad. Crystal Palace Pudding. \*Blazer Toast.

## COLD DISHES.

Rolls and Stuffed Loin of Mutton. Baked Ham. Russian Salad.

## TEA.

Muffins. Potted Beef Sandwiches. Queen Cakes. Chocolate Biscuits. Tennis Cake.

## DINNER.

## Soups.

Tomato Soup. Vermicelli Soup.

## Fish.

Fried Soles, Tartare Sauce. Baked Oysters.

## Entrées.

\*Chicken sauté à la Réussie. Mutton Cutlets à la Zingara.

## Rois.

Ribs of Beef. Ducks, Apple Sauce.

## Game.

Grouse Tartlets. Snipe Pudding.

## Vegetables.

Braised Cucumber. Potato Chippis.

## Sweets.

Coffee Pudding. Whipped Syllabubs.

## Savouries.

Parmesan Puffs. Sardines Croustades.

## Ice.

Vanilla.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

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## THE DISH OF THE DAY.

## No. 24.—"OMELETTE SOUFFLE EN SURPRISE" A LA VANILLE.

By M. Herpin, Chef of Claridge's Hotel.

QUANTITIES:—1 litre of milk (barely 1 quart), 350 grammes (7lb.) sugar, 1 stick of vanilla, 10 yolks of eggs, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of cream.

With the above ingredients prepare an ice cream à vanille, which put in an oval mould and place in the freezer.

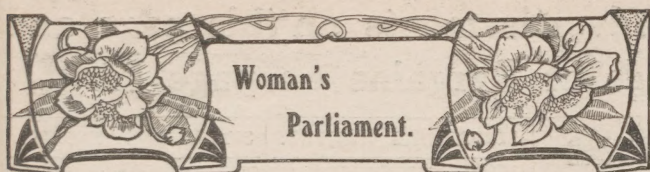
Cut in an oval form a piece of sponge cake, which should be hollowed out and soaked in Kirsch and sirop vanille.

Prepare an omelette soufflé thus composed: 5 yolks of eggs worked well with a wooden spoon, with 300 grammes (10½oz.) of powdered sucre à vanille, to which add 10 whites of eggs whipped until very firm. The ingredients should be mixed very carefully.

Turn out your mould of ice cream on the prepared sponge cake which you have laid on an oval dish; surmount the ice with the omelette soufflé preparation; decorate and powder with powdered sucre à vanille.

It is important to observe that the omelette must not be permitted to become deeper in colour than a blanc doré, as otherwise the sugar will become caramel, and the flavour of the dish will be destroyed. Place in a hot oven for six or seven minutes, observing the foregoing caution.





## "WOMEN" OR "LADIES."

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Glancing through the many ladies' papers of to-day one cannot but notice that the term "lady" hardly ever appears, except perhaps in the title of the paper. It is "woman" all through the different articles, whether they are on dress, sport, social events, or any other subject.

This word "lady," in fact, is disappearing from the talk of the upper classes, yet it daily becomes more generally used in the lower, where, apparently, all women are ladies.

The cook, we know, is usually a perfect lady. The washerwoman promises to send another lady if she cannot herself come when required. The market woman will refer you to another lady when she has not the article you require.

Even the hind's wife from the neighbouring farm has been heard to say that she will send another lady for the pigs' meat next week, as she will be working in the fields.

The charlady, the old clothes lady, and the stick lady are familiar to many of us. Is it not, therefore, probable that before long those papers which have the word "lady" in their titles will alter them? It is not to the present-day "lady" that they appeal.—Yours truly,

JOSIE YOUNG.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

## IS SUICIDE JUSTIFIABLE?

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

An unhesitating affirmative is given by most people to the query; and certainly, as everyone knows, it is, to say the least of it, a cowardly way of getting rid of troubles. My own opinion, however, is that cases arise in which it is the only thing left to do, the only way of cutting the Gordian knot. Suppose the fact of taking one's own life relieves several other people of the onus of a crime, or raises them from despair into happiness. Is there no justification in these cases? Is it always wrong to do evil, that good may come? and the intention often counts for more than the act. It may be, and is counted

a crime, but there is no doubt that, like everything else, there are extenuating circumstances. R. S. T. Esher.

## SPIDER WAISTS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I am horrified at the letters of "Small Waist" and "Small by Degrees."

Unfortunately, one cannot discuss the anatomical facts of this subject in a public journal, but it must be evident to everyone that by reducing the waist from 25 to 17 inches the organs ordinarily occupying the centre of the body must go elsewhere; and they will of necessity go where there is the least resistance.

Now, as an old physician of a women's hospital, of thirty-six years' experience, let me assure them that they are doing themselves an incalculable amount of mischief, and should they become mothers their children's constitutions will suffer greatly.

Nov. 26.

M.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.

## IS VIVISECTION PAINLESS?

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I think "Perdita" falls into an error when she suggests that the anti-vivisectionists are lacking in feeling for human beings.

"Perdita" to illustrate the painlessness of vivisection gives a dentist's example. She saw a friend having teeth extracted. To the onlooker she was apparently in great agony, but on returning to consciousness said she felt nothing.

A personal experience of mine was different. Under an anæsthetic I felt acute pain. The dentist assured me in a most plausible manner that I couldn't have felt it, but a friend agreed with me that I screamed throughout.

Fortunately, not being speechless, I impressed as strongly as I could on the operator that I had felt pain, and this fact has always made me very chary of accepting theories of "painless" vivisection.

Besides, what about sensations after the operation? Those who have been under chloroform know that, on awakening, the suffering felt is extreme. If, then, a dog is not killed, but is used for more than one

lesson, what becomes of "Perdita's" "painless" theory?

Let us suppose that a superior race came from Mars and conquered us, and thought it would greatly benefit themselves and their suffering fellows if they vivisected "painlessly" the human race.

Would we not think it an intolerable wrong? Do you think we would console ourselves by the knowledge that it was for the benefit of the Martians?

MARS.

## SMOKING IN THEATRES.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Although no one can love a cigarette more than myself, yet I think the idea of smoking in theatres awful.

It is an insult to the players. How can we enjoy their acting to an accompaniment of match-striking and coughing?

It is right enough in a music-hall, where in many cases, the faces are more pleasing when seen through a mist of smoke.

I wonder if over-fondness for the weed has not a great deal to do with the "weedy" appearance of our up-to-date young men, as compared with the present-day girl?—Yours truly,

DOLLY M—

Fallowfield, Manchester, Nov. 26.

## SCARCITY OF NEEDLEWOMEN.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Sir,—In reply to "Australian's" inquiry for daily visiting needlewomen, will you allow me to say that I have the names of several competent women on my books who undertake this work?

I shall be glad to put one of them in immediate communication with "Australian" if she will kindly forward her name and address.

Only this morning I had a letter from an employer testifying to the usefulness of a lady whom I recommended in this capacity a few weeks ago.—Yours, etc.,

M. G. SPENCER, Secretary.

Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, 9, Southampton-street, Holborn, W.C.

## EARRINGS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I read with much interest the paragraph on these becoming ornaments, and I wish to assure your fair readers that we men admire earrings and are glad to see them in fashion again.

The immortal Autocrat of the Breakfast Table calls long earrings "those golden lamps which light up the dimples on beauty's cheeks," and they certainly give a peculiarly feminine charm to the wearer.

Artists and poets have praised them, and

now that the Queen and the Princess of Wales are leading the fashion, I hope soon to see earrings as generally worn as in our grandmothers' days.—Yours truly,

Kingstown. WM. H. SCOTT.

## TO WARD OFF COLD.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

In the conflicting and amusing opinions I have read upon the wearing of corsets, I see no mention made of one great advantage accruing to the wearers—namely, the protection against cold which corsets give to a most tender portion of the body.

This is distinctly in their favour.—Yours truly, AN APPRECIATOR OF YOUR PAPER.

Oxford-street, London, W., Nov. 24.

## A HOUSEWIFE'S COMPLAINT.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Will you please ask dear kind Mr. "Toby, M.P.," who is so anxious to bring comfort to the hearts of the worried English housewives, where they can find a cook and housemaid at an expenditure of £50 or £35?

The very plainest variety of cook wants £25, which only leaves £10 for the housemaid!

But I feel sure Mr. "Toby" can help us, and I await his reply, breathless.

AN ENGLISH HOUSEWIFE.

Burton-on-Trent.

## £500 for a Postcard.

We are desirous of receiving suggestions for the development of the *Daily Mirror*. We will present

£1,000

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd.

Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint on one postcard. Those sending letters instead of postcards will be disqualified. The £1,000 will be divided as follows:—

For the Best Suggestion - - - £500.

For the Second Best - - - £100.

Eighty other Suggestions - - - £5 each.

The winners may, if they choose, nominate charities for the receipt of their awards if they do not care to retain the money themselves.

With regard to the awards for postcard suggestions, the Editors of the *Daily Mirror* reserve to themselves the absolute right to be the sole arbiters in making any gift or award without giving any reason, and in case of any dispute their decision must be considered as final.

All postcards should be addressed:—

Suggestion Department,

THE DAILY MIRROR,

2, Carnarville-street,

LONDON, E.C.

## Our Feuilleton.

# Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

## CHAPTER XXVI.

IT was a matter of speculation with Christian Morning afterwards whether he regretted the course he took then, or whether he was glad that in that sublimely dangerous moment he stifled the cry and desire of his heart, and kept the conversation on the prosaic level of generality. He would have liked to speak his mind at that moment; he wanted, oh, so very much, to tear the garments of conventionality, caution, and expediency from his soul, and tell her simply that he loved her, that she was the only woman in the world for him, tell her that she held the keys of his future and the happiness of his life. It was the moment of all moments for that declaration, and the living spirit of the earth tingled in his veins. The air around him lived with the fancy forms of life, he heard the earth music, and the madness of love was upon him, a great, uncontrollable, consuming fire. He forced himself to look away from her to the purple waves of the lovers' sea; he tried to remember the Oxford days, when he had strangled the same madness, only it was such a weak and docile madness then, a shadow of a presentiment of this new and all-compelling desire to snatch the cup of joy and life that was now at his hand. He tried to think of Lady Dexter's dreams: she had told him he was impertinent to dream of such a thing, and that the daughter of the long line of noble Wayneffets was no fit mate for him. But all that seemed so very far away, so dim and indistinct. What had he or she to do with the past, with expediency, and propriety? The moment was theirs. Was a man's mission in life to dash the cup of joy to the ground, whenever it was presented to him, to mortify the flesh?

And, as he stared moodily down at the surf that broke into a pearly, opalescent mist at his feet, the music of its soul surged in his

ears, the music of Nature. Out of the myriad separate living pearls of vapour he saw the dripping nymphs, daughters of Nereus and Doris, laughingly mocking at him, jeering him, scorning the thing called Conscience within him, as they sat astride their dolphin steeds and shook their rose-garlanded tridents as if to drive him back to the earth. It was as if they shouted: "Live! Live! Life is yours for the taking. Refuse the gift of the gods—and die!"

He turned away from the sea nymphs trembling, only to gaze into the sad, dark groves. Pan was there, calling him, even as he called Diana. "Take what the gods give! Live! Live!"

His senses swam in amaze. It seemed for one moment that he had seen the Vision of Life, and solved the secret of all the ages. He was merged in the Hellenistic idea. Life! Supreme egoism! Fancy was making a very Dionysia of his soul. And yet, above the myriad tongues, of Nature, there was that within him which held him back—a still, small voice that told him that Duty was above all; that Love was not all; that man was doomed to suffer, to fight, and to sacrifice himself—the voice of the northern civilisation, the voice of Christianity, of conscience—who knows, who cares? Few dare to disobey; few, indeed, even amongst those rare, happy souls who feel Greece burn in their veins and hear the music of the panpipes in Arcady.

Christian Morning was one of those few. He saw Life; it came to him in more than revelation, and was his for the taking—could he doubt it when he saw the light in those dark downy eyes of Claudia Wayneffet? And yet he refused the gift. The voice of Conscience had drowned the voice of Life. He laughed a little nervously as he said:—

"I am full of strange fancies this afternoon."

Strange fancies! Ye gods, and he had peered into the inner heart of Nature.

She started from a reverie, for a silence had fallen between them.

"Fancies? What fancies?" She said a little irritably, for she had been frank with this man, and he had not returned her frankness. She felt vaguely that she had misunderstood his attitude and allowed herself to say too much. It was a disconcerting feeling.

"Phantasies," he said musingly, and he looked into her eyes. They were safer now than the waves churning foam at his feet, safer than the grey green shadows of the wood behind them. "I believe Cap Martin is haunted. I believe—"

"I had no idea you had so much sentiment," she interrupted.

He started, then smiled, a strange, far-away smile that sent a sudden flush to her cheeks.

"Sentiment saved us," he said. "Sentiment is an excellent word to describe what the majority of people call common sense. I never thought of that before."

"What are you talking about?" She was really quite cross. He was so very disappointing. He seemed to be talking parables, and she was pining for miracles; as it was, she got a sermon.

"Have you ever been brought face to face with a great temptation?" he said, half-seriously, but with that undercurrent of mocking laughter in his voice that she particularly disliked, because it made his words seem insincere and left her in doubt as to whether he was making fun of her, or himself. "A temptation," he went on, "that cannot be passed over lightly—something that affects the very life of you, the sort of temptation that Christ made endure in the Wilderness, and which took even Him forty days to conquer. Have you ever had to choose between Supreme Happiness and Duty?"

She looked puzzled, but interested. Perhaps, after all, he was not going to talk in parables all the time.

"What is duty?" she asked.

"Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed, tragically.

"What a question!"

"And what is supreme happiness?"

"That's easier. In this case, let me say—well, for instance"—he hesitated a moment—"a woman's love."

"Pshaw! I hope your idea of duty is a little higher."

"Oho, so you are studying irony. Well, let us define duty as nothing more or less than sentiment."

"Sentiment?"

"Why, yes—the thing we call conscience, a kind of disease of the brain, inherited from a long succession of more or less conscience-stricken ancestors."

"From all accounts, mine did not suffer much," she laughed. "I ought, consequently, to escape."

"But your mother?" he protested.

"Hereditary skips a generation, you know. My grandfather was the most wicked old man I have ever heard of. In any other age, and in a lower position in life, he would have been hanged, drawn, and quartered. He hadn't much conscience."

"Ah, my dear Claudia, that is no rule. He may have had a very strong one, but trampled upon it."

"He must have trampled it to death very soon, then. No conscience could 'survive' grandfather's trampling. But let us return to our definition. What a man you are for definitions!"

"Forgive me, but you demanded the definition. I should be content to leave it as Supreme Happiness and Duty—the love of a woman, or the obedience to the dictates of—of, well, Duty."

"I don't see the temptation," she said. "It is the duty of every man to make himself supremely happy—if he can. How can there be a conflict?"

"You preach absolute selfishness, then?"

"She shrugged her shoulders. "There isn't anything else to preach. Everyone is selfish. It is natural, inevitable."

"You don't believe in unselfishness—altruism?"

"It doesn't exist, except as a degree of egoism. All men do exactly the things they most want to do, the things that, sooner or later, will give them the greatest reward, the greatest happiness. If a man deny himself anything now, it is only with the idea of getting a little more hereafter—an investment at good interest, as it were. Do you for a moment imagine that anyone on earth would go without a dinner, or remain poor, or do any of the other unnatural things the martyrs to duty do, if they did not expect a reward—two dinners hereafter, riches beyond their dreams?"

"Yes, I do," he answered, gravely. "I know atheists, men who firmly believe that when they die they die as the dogs, that death is the end of everything, and that the whole of life is comprised between the cradle and the grave, who sacrifice as many of their natural desires, who willingly choose between pleasure and duty."

"I don't believe," said Claudia, "in the sanity of a man who can believe that the whole of life is comprised between the cradle and the grave."

"Oh! But —"

"But, quite apart from that, how are you to know what motive rules a man in any action of his life? Temperament is everything. There are men who would be acutely unhappy working in East End slums. I should think there are men working in those slums who would be as acutely miserable enjoying themselves at Monte Carlo. And this, with no thought of the hereafter, or of duty. Each man is living the life that gives him the greatest happiness. Those who are living lives against this law, who are mortifying the body, who are stifling the cry of their nature for happiness, well—" She broke off with a laugh, panting a little, too, for breath, for she was excited, and her words had come quickly. The man listened. The music and witchery of her voice, the dangerous fascination of the creed she was so thoughtlessly preaching, held him in thrall. Pan was not the only singer of the song of Hellas—the joy of life.

"So you would choose supreme happiness, even at the cost of duty?" he ventured.

"Rather," she replied, radiant with the enthusiasm of the idea, which inspired her, and the intoxication of sweeping down arguments and prejudices before the triumphant creed that had come to her in these last few hours,

Continued on Page 14.



When you have read the Small Advertisements on this page and the next, look at the hundreds of Bargains on page 16.

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are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., between the hours of 10 and 7, for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/6, 1/3d. each word afterwards. Advertisements can be left at the Offices, or they can be sent by post, when they must be accompanied by Postal Orders (stamps will not be accepted) crossed **BARCLAY & CO.**

**SITUATIONS WANTED.**

**Menservants.**

**BUTLER**, thoroughly experienced; age 46; £50-55.—Write T. 59, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.  
**HOTEL PORTER**, good references, disengaged now.—Write T. 42, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

**Cooks.**

**COOK** (experienced), age 45; £26-£30; short references.—Write T. 43, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.  
**COOK** (good), now disengaged; 10 years' reference.—Write T. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.  
**COOK** (good), wants situation; 12 months' character; £42.—Write T. 48, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.  
**COOK** (good plain), desires temporary place; 12s. 15s. weekly; highly recommended.—Write T. 63, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.  
**COOK**, first-class; disengaged now.—Write T. 50, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.  
**COOK** (good); age 35; £45-£50.—Write T. 34, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.  
**COOK-HOUSEKEEPER**; disengaged; 1 year's reference; age 36.—Write T. 59, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.  
**COOK** (good plain); disengaged now.—Write R.O. 112, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.  
**COOK**, now disengaged; age 30; requires £10 kitchenmaid.—Write T. 60, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**SITUATIONS WANTED.**

**PROFESSOR COOK**, for dinners, ball suppers, excellent references.—Write T. 39, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

**Housekeepers.**

**HOUSEKEEPER**; age 35; wages £30; one servant required; excellent references.—Write S. 36, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3348  
**LADY-HOUSEKEEPER** or Companion; disengaged.—B. 59, Stendal-road, W. Kensington. 2408  
**WIDOW**, with excellent references, seeks situation as housekeeper.—Write T. 49, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**Companions.**

**COMPANION-SECRETARY**; would travel; trained nurse.—Write S. 48, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.  
**COMPANION-HOUSEKEEPER**, desires situation; £24; plain cooking.—Write T. 64, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.  
**YOUNG LADY** as Travelling Companion; no salary; fluent French; good walker.—Write S. 44, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**Parlourmaids.**

**DAILY WORK** as Parlour or Housemaid; must sleep out.—Write T. 43 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.  
**HOUSE-PARLOURMAID**, age 22; £20; disengaged; December 25.—Write T. 44, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

**SITUATIONS WANTED.**

**Lady's Maids.**

**LADY'S MAID**, age 38; £30-£35; good needlewoman and packer.—Write T. 39, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.  
**LADY'S MAID**; good packer and needlewoman; £20.—Write T. 65, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

**Governesses.**

**GOVERNESS** (French); age 20; £25-30; school or private.—Write T. 61, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.  
**GOVERNESS**, North German; good music and drawing.—Write T. 45, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.  
**GOVERNESS**, Swiss, disengaged; well educated; good references.—Write T. 36, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.  
**GOVERNESS**, thorough; English, French, Latin and music.—Write T. 53, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.  
**GOVERNESS**, French (experienced); good references.—Write T. 61, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.  
**NURSERY GOVERNESS**; thoroughly experienced.—Write T. 62, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.  
**Nurses.**  
**LADY NURSE**, age 38; £26-30; no uniform; disengaged.—Write S. 52, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2577

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a Box Department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

The Domestic Bureau which the "Daily Mirror" has opened at 45 and 46, New Bond Street, for the benefit of mistress and maid, has undertaken the task of verifying references; but, while every care is taken, obviously no absolute guarantee can be given. Advertisers in the "Daily Mirror" are entitled to use the "Daily Mirror" Bureau, which is open from 10 to 5, without any charge.

**SITUATIONS WANTED.**

**UNDER NURSE**, disengaged; age 18; £15.—Write T. 66, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

**WANTED**, Situation, to take charge of a little girl and sewing.—Flora Hayes, Opeburn, Ashby-road, Loughborough. 3352

**Housemaids.**

**HEAD-HOUSEMAID** desires temporary post as Caretaker; 14s.-15s. weekly.—Write T. 67, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

**HOUSEMAID**; disengaged December 19th; £20-25; age 22.—Write T. 67, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**USEFUL MAID** for country; age 35; £20; disengaged.—Write T. 56, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**USEFUL MAID**; age 20; £20-24; town; disengaged December 9th.—Write T. 55, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**Miscellaneous.**

**CARETAKER** Desires charge of house; good references.—Write T. 40 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**DAILY WORK** wanted, or would take place for month.—Write T. 41 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

**ESTATE Manager**; electrical, mechanical engineer; well up in motor-cars, electric lighting, estate jobbing, repairs, etc.—9, Stockton-road, Reigate.

**WIDOW**; 32; quick and energetic, desires to learn routine of good private hotel; town preferred; no salary.—Write 390 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**SITUATIONS VACANT.**

**Menservants.**

**BUTLER-VALET** wanted; must be used to hunting clothes.—Write T. 104, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**Cooks.**

**COOK** (good, plain), for country; small family; house-parlourmaid and nurse kept; wages £22 to £26.—Mrs. Farnford, Shaftesbury, near Godalming. 3354  
**COOK** (good plain); country; assistance given; £20.—Write S. 49, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3350  
**COOK** (good) wanted for country house near London.—Write T. 89, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.  
**COOK** (good), aged 30, for country; wages up to £30; 2 servants.—J. C. F., 3352  
linton, near Maidstone.

**SITUATIONS VACANT.**

**COOK** (good plain) wanted; £22-£24; 4 servants kept.—Write T. 82, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**COOK** (good plain) wanted; doctor's house; 3 servants kept; no family; country girl required; wages £22 to £26.—S. 29, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3357

**COOK** (good plain) wanted for school.—Write T. 86, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**COOK** (plain) wanted, easy place, by Dec. 14.—Write T. 99, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**COOK** (good) wanted, for town, 19 Dec.; small family; 4 servants kept; £20.—Write S. 50, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3361

**COOK** wanted; must be smart and active; 3 servants kept; 2 in family.—Write T. 100, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**COOK** (good plain); £18-20; for country.—S. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3352

**COOK** wanted, in December; small family; must be clean and have good reference; two servants kept; man gives assistance; wages £22 to £26.—Apply Mrs. Groom, Manor House, Littlehampton, Sussex. 3359

**COOK and House-Parlourmaid** (good) wanted at once.—Mrs. Schreiber, 44, Harley House, Regent's Park. Nurse kept.

**COOK and parlourmaid** (experienced) for country; wages £22 to £27.—Write T. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**COOK and House-Parlourmaid** wanted; near London.—Write T. 92, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**COOK and House-Parlourmaid** (good) wanted for Blackheath; 3 in family; wages £20 and £18.—Write S. 35, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3300

**COOK-GENERAL** wanted; quiet family; help given.—Miss Harrison, Berrylands-road, Surbiton.

**COOK-GENERAL** wanted; must cook well; three servants kept.—Mrs. Drenner, Berryl Heath. 3376

**COOK-GENERAL** wanted; clergyman's family in country.—Mrs. Barrett, West Moors, near Wimborne.

**COOK-GENERAL and Nurse-Housemaid** required.—Apply Mrs. Lattar, 402, Clapham-road, S.W. (private house).

**COOK-GENERAL** wanted; Linsfield, Surrey; good wages; a competent woman; comfortable home; housemaid kept.—Apply Mrs. P., The Globe House, Linsfield, Surrey. 3351

**COOK-GENERAL** wanted; 2 in family; £20-22.—Write S. 48, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 2269

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements continued on next page.

Continued from Page 13.

"rather say it would be my duty to choose supreme happiness."

"At any cost?"

"The cost would, of course, qualify the happiness. You said supreme. It is possible to imagine happiness purchased at so great a cost as to turn happiness into misery. That is generally when people start making a virtue of necessity, and talk cant about Duty."

"You are splendid," he exclaimed.

"You see what I mean?"

"Oh, yes; but you don't see what I mean." "I only know," she said, and her rich voice thrilled him, "that there is only one duty in this world, and that is to be happy—to live! Live! Live every moment, if you can!"

The nymphs had not tempted him more; her voice was more compelling than the reeds of Pan.

"Have you always thought like this?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered.

He smiled. "I have always thought as you do, but I have never held it as an opinion," he said. "Did you believe in your creed of Life when—when you said you would marry Verulam?"

She made a little grimace. "That isn't fair, Christian. And yet—well, I suppose I did. I was wrong. I was mistaken. Then—when I agreed to the bargain, there was very little happiness anywhere, and I suppose I chose the least of two evils. It would make mother and Jacqueline happy, and consequently reflect upon me; and to keep going against them, to subject myself to the constant reiteration of reproach, made me acutely unhappy. But all that is altered now. I see more clearly. Perhaps I've had a renaissance—who knows?"

"At Castellar?"

She nodded. "You see," she added quickly, "I had never really faced the problem until then."

"Claudia," he said in a voice that had grown suddenly husky with emotion, "do you really mean what you say? Do you really think that nothing matters but love?"

"Love? Yes, love, if love be happiness."

"Love? And I suppose I chose the least of two evils. It would make mother and Jacqueline happy, and consequently reflect upon me; and to keep going against them, to subject myself to the constant reiteration of reproach, made me acutely unhappy. But all that is altered now. I see more clearly. Perhaps I've had a renaissance—who knows?"

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"Oh, that entirely yours," she answered. "From her own point of view, of course—"

"From your point of view?"

"Yes, and from mine, I suppose. I was very young, very foolish. I might have married you then. Who knows?"

"And now? Claudia?" He stopped and his teeth met. She heard the contact.

"No, no," he said, gloomily, after a short and breathless pause, "I must not. I am mad. It is not right." He rose abruptly.

"If I stay here any longer," he said, "I shall say and do things that we shall regret all our lives. Let us go!"

"Christian," she said, in a very quiet, calm, clear voice, "we are not taking any count of worn-out conventions now—we, you and I, have never done so—and so I am not going to make any false apology for what I say. My loss of maidenly modesty, as mother would call it, I suppose; but, so that there shall be no possible misunderstanding between us in the future—whether we part now and never see each other, or—"

She hesitated, and rose too and faced him. Her beautiful eyes glistened with unshed tears. "Christian, let me tell you once and for all that what my mother says has nothing to do with me, what Jacqueline or the world says is nothing to me. I have to live my own life, after all, and I am not going to consider anyone else. There is no need for words between us. Oh, I am a very foolish, perhaps inconsiderate, woman, but my mother says she told you that you were impertinent to wish to—to give me the joy of life, that I was far above you, that—that you were of another station in life. Bah! it made me sick with shame. And I am glad, if for nothing else, that I have had the opportunity of telling you that I was and am still sick with shame and that, if she is a cad, I am not. I am a pauper, worse than a pauper, and—"

"The daughter of an earl," he added, grimly.

"That is not my fault. It makes no difference. You aren't a groom—or a policeman. And, if you were, well—I love you. There, I have said it. I love you! You are able to make me supremely happy." She covered her face with her hands and commenced to sob and to laugh.

"Good God!" groaned the man. "What have I done?"

She looked up at his eyes and winced. She saw something there that frightened her. "Christian," she said faintly, "what is it? Say something. Don't tell me that I have made a mistake, don't—"

"No, no, no," he cried. "You are everything on earth to me, you have always been, and always will be. I love you, I love you—but, oh, Claudia, my darling, I ought never to tell you."

"I knew without the telling," she said radiantly.

"Ah, but you do not understand," he

groaned. "I ought not to have spoken. I was mad!"

"There is nothing that can prevent our loving each other," she said.

"No, and yet—Claudia," he broke off, "tell me, do you really believe in what you have just said about life? Are you prepared to ride rough-shod over all laws of God and man for your own happiness?"

"Yes," she said. "The first law of my life is: Live! Live your life. My joy is duty, and my love is life."

"But suppose," he ventured, "that there was something that should prevent my loving you, you loving me?"

"It is impossible."

"You really think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Suppose, for instance," he said, with brutal suddenness, "that I had a wife."

Claudia stared at him for a few awful moments with dull, amazed credulity. The colour left her cheeks, and her hands fell limply to her sides.

"A wife?" she faltered, in a voice that sounded curiously hard and metallic. "You—have—a wife?"

The man bowed his head. He did not dare to meet the look he feared in her eyes.

"But I don't understand," she said. "Oh, you are playing with me! A wife? You? But, Christian, tell me, are you serious, is it true?"

"It is damnable true," he muttered, fiercely. "But when was it? Who is she—where is she?" Her voice was still incredulous, and it had grown husky and unsteady. "I have never heard of it. Nobody knows—"

"Nobody knows," he said, in a grim, monotonous voice. "Nobody will ever know but you and—"

"When was this?" she asked.

"Two years ago—more than two years."

"And she is still alive?"

"I suppose so," he answered, fiercely. "Such women as she never die."

"Then you—you do not love her?"

"Love her?" He laughed wildly, and looked at her. "Do you think," he said, "that I could love any woman but you?"

"But why did you marry her?"

"Because I was a fool—mad. I—oh, I do not want to tell you the sorry, sordid story. You would not understand. How should you?"

"But tell me all the same," she cried eagerly. "And, Christian, oh, tell me, swear to me, that you never loved her?"

"You do not need me to tell you that," he said. "You know. I have never loved a woman but you. I shall never love any other woman! But I have a wife. My God, a wife!"

"You speak, you look as if—as if it were very terrible, as if you have suffered?"

"Oh, I have not suffered," he said bitterly; "perhaps I should have suffered more if I had not tied myself to her as I did. You see," he added, "she was Duty, and you—the thought of you—"

"I know," she interrupted gently, "go on—I am burning with curiosity."

"No," he went on, "I do not think I have suffered until to-day, until yesterday, when I met you again. You have always been to me as the unattainable—a goddess set up on a pedestal to worship, but never to touch. I never thought, never dreamed that—that you might come down from your pedestal, that the blood would course warmly in the marble veins of my Galatea. You were enshrouded with the haze of your position; the words of Lady Dexter encircled you around. I longed for you. Life was empty for me without you. I thought of you day and night. And that was bad—bad, and it would have quite spoiled my life, the life I owe to others. So when the chance came of effectually removing the temptation, of plucking out my eye and cutting off my hand, I seized it with the zeal of a fanatic. No St. Francis was ever tempted as I was tempted, and no St. Francis flung himself more desperately on to the thicket of briars for safety than I on to the thicket of Marriage. But the Poverello's bed of thorns straightway turned to roses, while my thorns remained thorns, and grew and grew."

"And the temptation?" she asked quietly.

"Oh, I suppose it answered its purpose. I suppose—bah!" he broke off, with an inarticulate expression of fierce self-contempt. "I did not dream of meeting you again, I did not know of Castellar."

"Who was your Thicket of Briars?" she asked, not without a little smile, for Claudia Waynefleet's sense of humour had kept her sane before to-day.

The man frowned gloomily. "Do you want to know?" he asked.

She nodded.

"It's a brutal story," he said. "And you won't understand. And then, well, it seems perhaps a little mean for me to talk like this about her. After all, she is no worse than others, and she did not create her temperament."

"If it does not pain you," she said, "I should like to know, not because it makes the remotest difference to me who she is, or what she is, or why you married her, but because I am curious. I should be curious about anybody's marriage under such conditions."

The man sought her eyes again enquiringly. She was beginning to puzzle him, to frighten him. He had not yet sounded the depths of her strange nature.

To be Continued on Monday.



## MARKETING BY POST.

*In view of the fact that the ordering*

of articles for use in the household by post is becoming increasingly popular the "Daily Mirror" has started a special department entitled "Marketing by Post" for the benefit of readers wishing to

**A** GAY GARDEN, January to June, 6s.; photographs free.—Dobies (No. 15), Chester.

**BRAIN FAG.**—Keep your health; do not drink low-price, common tea; the Nontannic health tea (China blend, as recommended by

**BULBS.**—A fine collection of 20 tulips, 20 single and double daffodils and narcissus.

**FISH.**—6lbs., 2s.; 9lbs., 2s. 6d.; 11lbs., 3s.; 20lbs., 5s.; cleaned, and carriage paid; lists

**FISH** (live).—Delicious hamper assorted fish, 6lbs. 2s., 9lbs. 2s. 6d., 14lbs. 3s. 6d.; carriage paid; ready for cooking; particulars free, —Live Fish Co., Grimsby.

**L**ARGE Fowls, 3s. 6d. pair; fatted geese, 4s. 6d. each; turkeys, 5s. 6d. each; trussed; post free.—Miss Santry, Beach, Rosscarbery, Cork.

**LIVE FISH.**—Choice selected Basket fresh Fish. 6lbs., 2s.; 9lbs., 2s. 6d.; 11lbs., 3s.; 14lbs., 3s. 6d.; 21lbs., 5s., carriage paid, cleaned or cooking. Sure to please. Unrivalled value. Quick delivery. All kinds cured fish supplied. List particulars free.—Standard Fish Company, Trimshy.

**MALT-COFFEE.**—Invigorating, nourishing; cures indigestion; sample, 1s. 6d. delivered.—Depôt, 12, John-street, Strand.

**PASTEURIZED MILK,** fresh cream, in bulk or jugs, prize cream cheese, delicious fresh

**POTATOES.**—Good sound potatoes delivered, 2s. 5s. 6d. per bag; cash with order, returnable if unsatisfactory.—Henry Vos, 1, St. James's-road, Holloway N. Established 1878.

**S**AWN WOOD for sale: £1 per ton on rail; cash with order.—Jas. Randall, Kilsham, Petworth, Sussex. 3371

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**S**CARBOROUGH Royal Simnel Cakes.—Send 1s. 8d. to Wallis and Blakeley, Scarborough.

and you will receive a dainty Simnel Cake,  
carefully packed in a box.

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**V**ERY fine old crusted port, 24s. per dozen,  
carriage paid; sample bottle, 2s. 6d., post  
free.—Howden and Co., Boulevard, Balham, S.W.

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**W**YARMOUTH bloomers, kippers, and ham-cured

**YOUNG'S** Black Star Harness Compo.; sold in 1s. tins; price to coachmen per dozen, 7s. Wholesale Depot, 205, Ebury-street, Fimlico.

60 BLOATERS, kippers, reds (selected),  
2s. 6d.; 30, 1s. 6d.; carriage 9d.—Evans,  
Beresford-road, Lowestoft.

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NEW-LAID EGGS wanted; 1s. 9d. dozen

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

"BEATALL" Blouse Maker; ladies' own materials; ladies' own sizes; 2s.; prompt, reliable.—"Beatall," 41, High-street, Rushden.

**BRIDGE.**—Old Etonian, thoroughly experienced, gives instruction at pupils' residences.—Write 381, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

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**EXPERIENCED** Buyer; shopping of every description undertaken by Lady living in

**FREE.**—Talking Machines (Phonographs) given away, to advertise our business.—Write Phonograph Exchange, 4, White Lion-street, Norwich. 3372

**HAIR FALLING OFF.**—Lady, who lost nearly all hers, has now strong, heavy growth, will send particulars to anyone enclosing stamped envelope.—Miss M. Field, Glen-dower, Shanklin.

**IVORY** Miniatures painted from any photograph by lady artist; exhibitor Royal Academy; from £1 1s.; specimens.—L. D., 59, Mileage-road, Streatham.

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**ADY** from India has marvellous eyebrow and eyelash producer; particulars by post.

**LADIES** having 2 yard of material (or pieces equal to) left in making a costume may, for 10s. 6d., have it made into a stylish robe, with quills, wings, or velvet, by sending

**MARRIED OFFICER**, quartered at Woolwich, would store Furniture for two years for its use; preferably from officer going abroad.—Write 395, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Abchurch-lane.

**MUSIC.**—Given away, grand song, "Alice, Where art Thou?"—Send stamp for postage to Goodman and Co., Musicsellers, Plumstead.

**WARM FEET.**—Magnetic foot batteries. The greatest comfort and luxury of modern

lays. Magnetic fire under your feet; the greatest life protector known. Your feet keep warm all the time even if standing in water, snow, or ice; they defy rheumatism, aches and pains in the feet and limbs, chilblains, cramps, sore and tender feet, and cause a pleasant, agreeable feeling of life and vigour.—Send for Circular. Dominion Novelty Co. (Dept. D.M.).

**Z**ISKKA, the greatest living scientific palmiste and astrologer.—169, Oxford-street, London.



